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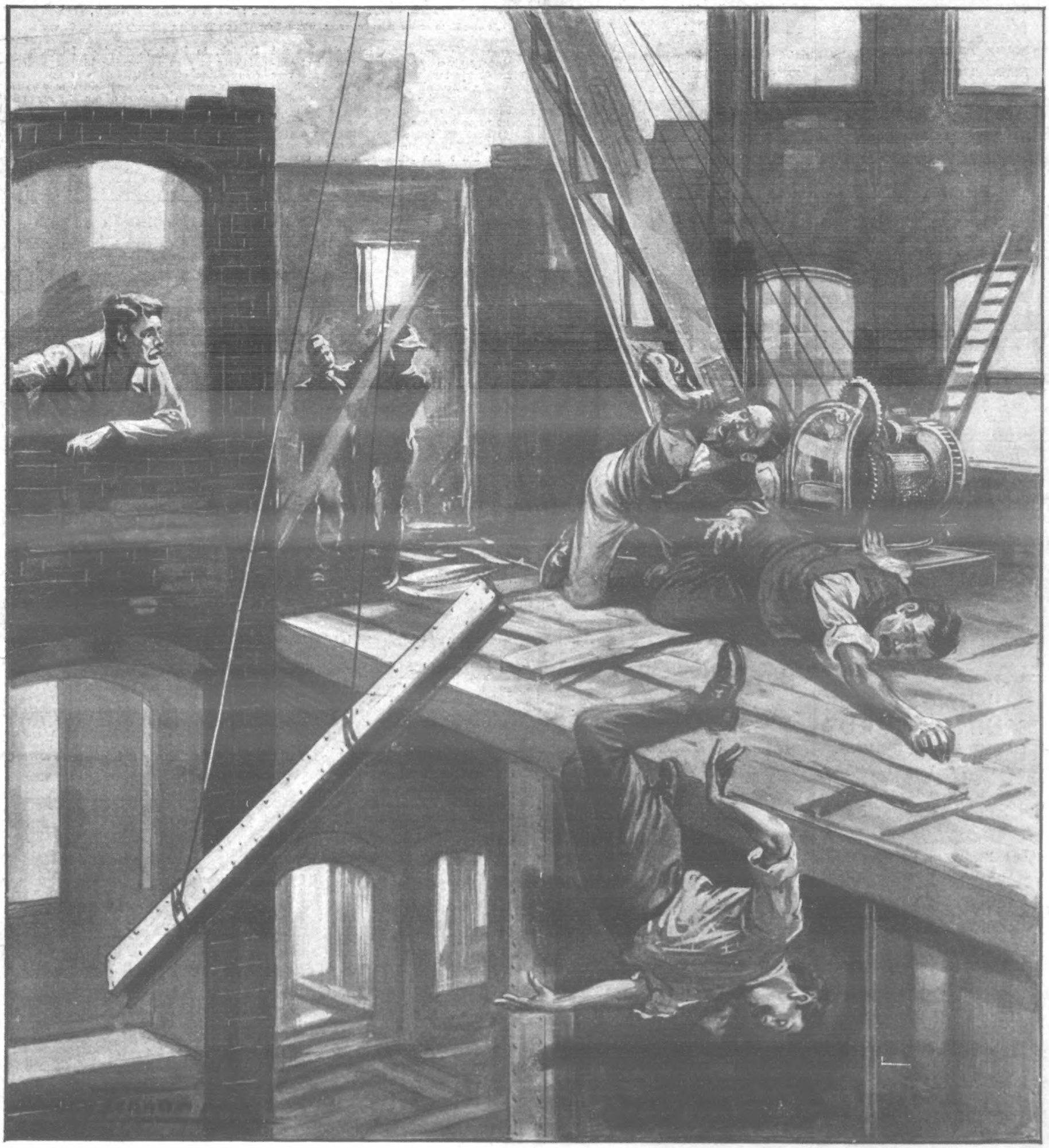
SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ENGLISH CRICKET TEAM'S DEPARTURE.

(See Inside.)



FATAL ACCIDENT IN THE STRAND: KILLED BY A FALLING CRANE.

During rebuilding operations near the Savoy Hotel, a hand-crane was overturned when lifting an iron girder. A workman named Hurnd:n was struck, and thrown a distance of twenty feet. He died soon after admission to King's College Hospital.

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ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

"P.I.P." SECOND STORY COMPETITION.

Thousands of Competitors entered for this, and the task of going through the sheets is now being proceeded with. The result will be announced next week, if possible, but if not, the week after.

Cabinet Difficulties.

WHEREAS within a few hours of the much-discussed resignations the daily papers had practically appointed the succeeding Ministers to their own entire satisfaction, Mr. Balfour has not (at the time of writing) done so even yet. This quite unusual delay in filling up important posts has not unnaturally given rise to a great deal of conjecture—conjecture which, in its way, is very interesting. According to the *Daily Mail*, the Duke of Devonshire remains in the Cabinet good-naturedly and in compliance with the urgent request of the King, who would prefer not to have an immediate break-up of the Ministry. At the same time we are informed that the Duke has remained on the express understanding that if any action is taken by the Government which seems to him subversive of Free Trade principles he will resign. It is added that Mr. Balfour does not contemplate any attempt to carry on the present Government if the Duke is in opposition, and, in the event of his resignation, would announce the resignation of the Ministry, but not until the reassembling of Parliament, when Mr. Chamberlain's opening campaign will be concluded.

The rumoured request of the King is likely, I think, to be true. Indeed, I imagine His Majesty may be concerning himself with the composition of the Cabinet very much more than is generally supposed, and it may be that the inability on the part of Mr. Balfour to find Ministers that meet with the King's approval is in a measure responsible for the delay in settling things. The fact is that the King is by no means inclined to allow politicians to play fast and loose with the big public offices for the sake of gaining party advantages, and he is examining very closely the credentials of the men whom the Premier has recommended to him. We perhaps do not recognise it, so used are we to an unobtrusive monarchy, but His Majesty is one of the strongest as well as one of the ablest leaders we have in the country just now. He has a wonderfully clear head for business, and a grasp of detail such as few men have. It may sound like a jest, but I have often thought what a pity it is we cannot make our

Photo. Russell.

SIR EDMUND BARTON,

WHO, ON HIS APPOINTMENT AS JUDGE OF THE FEDERAL HIGH COURT OF AUSTRALIA, HAS JUST RESIGNED THE PREMIERSHIP.

Photo. Russell.

MR. CHARLES TUFF, THE NEW M.P. FOR ROCHESTER.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS MR. TUFF IN HIS ROBES AS MAYOR OF ROCHESTER, A POSITION HE OCCUPIED IN 1900-1 AND 1901-2.

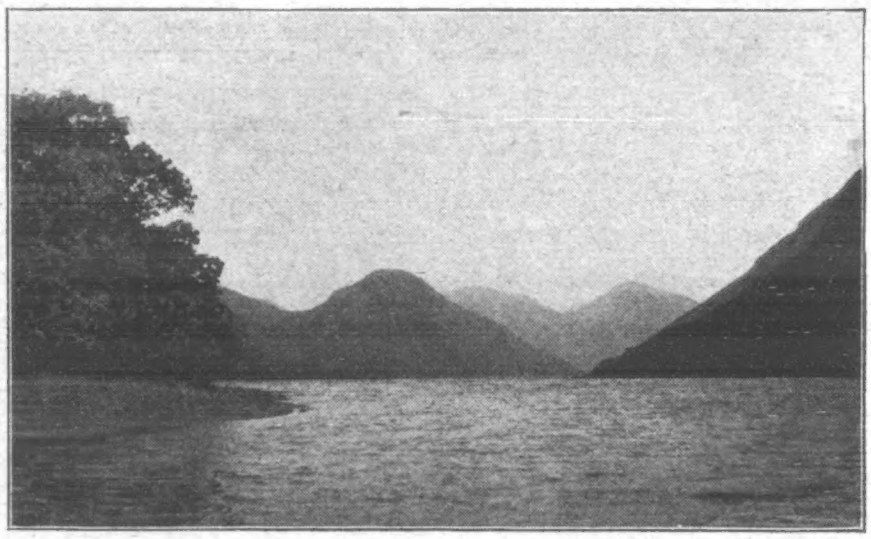
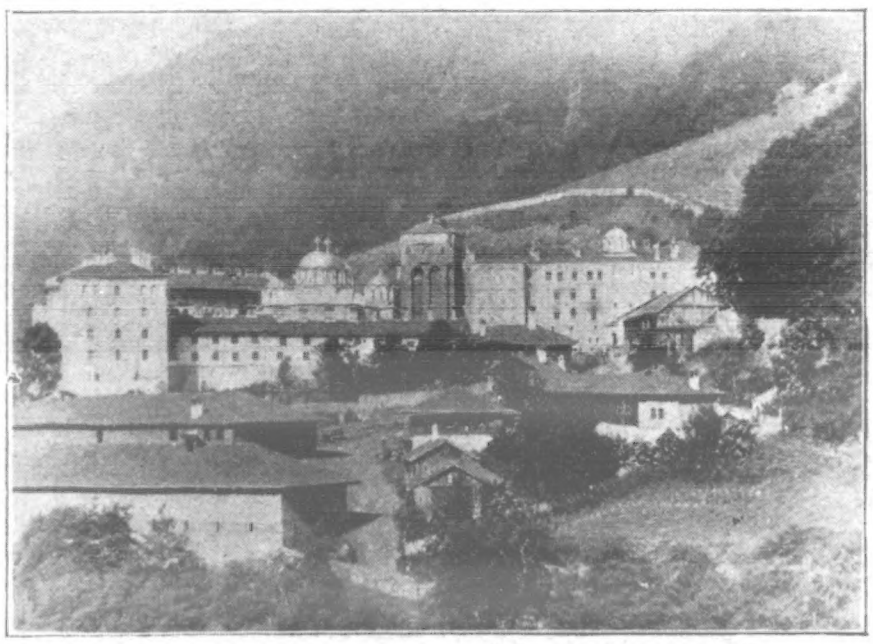


Photo. M. C. Farr.

THE SCAWFELL TRAGEDY: LAKE WASTWATER,

AT THE HEAD OF WHICH IS SCAWFELL, WHERE LAST WEEK'S TERRIBLE CLIMBING DISASTER OCCURRED.



RILO MONASTERY, BULGARIA: WHICH THE CZAR IS REPORTED TO HAVE GARRISONED WITH RUSSIAN TROOPS.

SEVERE FIGHTING HAS RECENTLY TAKEN PLACE IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

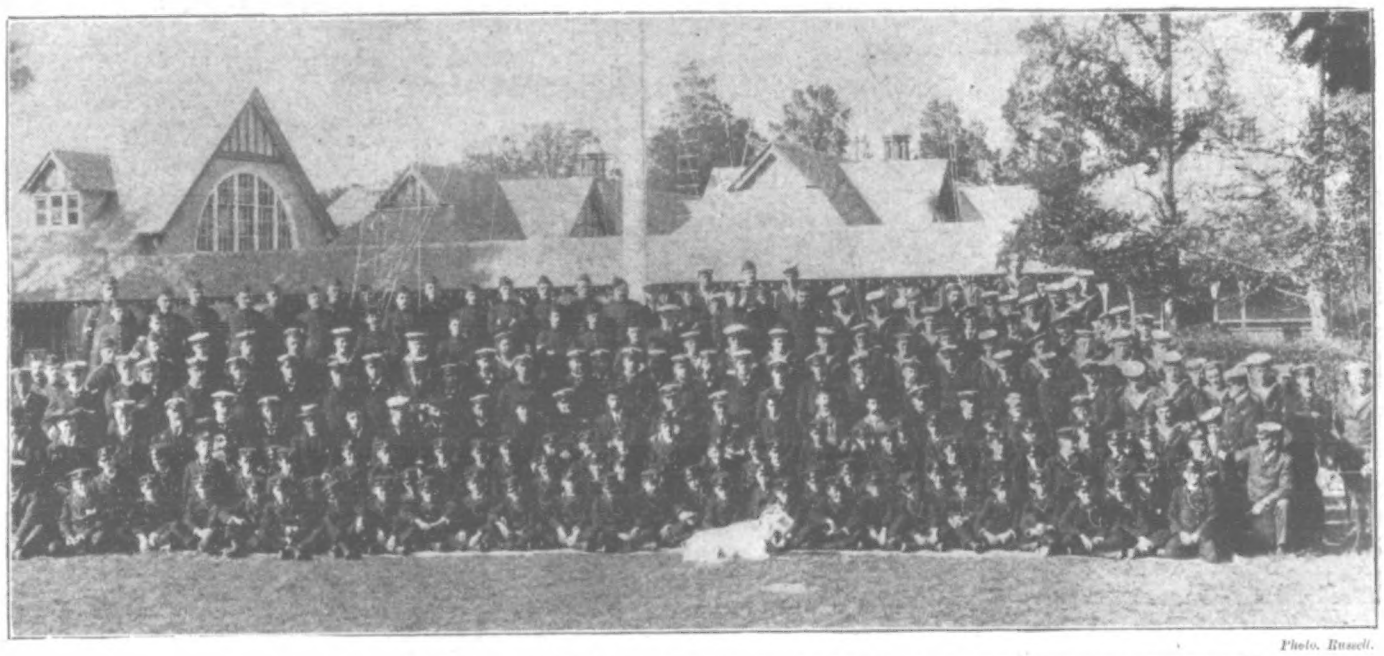


Photo. Russell.

THE NEW NAVAL COLLEGE AT OSBORNE: SHOWING CADETS' QUARTERS IN BACKGROUND, AND THE OFFICERS, CADETS, AND WHOLE SHIP'S COMPANY IN FOREGROUND.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA AS COLONEL OF THE SCOTS GREYS.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

King Secretary for War. I warrant the Army would be reformed in double quick time.

Revelations to Come.

While we are waiting for the new Cabinet appointments to be made, we are promised some

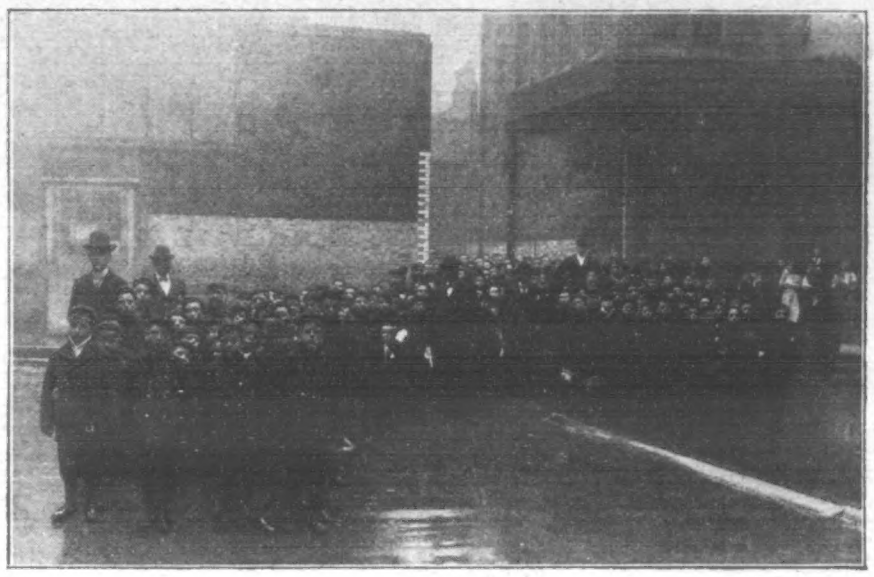
Photo. Russell.

THE LATE DUKE OF RICHMOND,

WHO DIED ON SUNDAY LAST.

highly "interesting revelations" so soon as the resigned Ministers shall be allowed to speak. Says the paper we have already quoted—

"Some interesting revelations may be looked for in the speeches which Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton hope to deliver. In common with Mr. Chamberlain, these ex-Ministers wrote letters to Mr. Balfour, which have been so far suppressed. Moreover, when they resigned, they were in ignorance of the fact either that Mr. Chamberlain's resignation had been accepted or that the Duke of Devonshire had consented to remain in the Cabinet. It is added that, although it was felt that Mr. Chamberlain should have consulted his colleagues before making an appeal to the public, he has acted in a perfectly straightforward fashion throughout. He is said to have tendered his resignation in June. If any complaint of misunderstanding is made, the charge will lie with the Prime Minister."



YOUNG BRITISH COLONISTS: SOME OF THE BOYS FROM DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES WHO LAST WEEK DEPARTED FOR CANADA.

Rochester's New Member.

As regards personal favour, things were fairly evenly divided between the Rochester candidates, as Mr. Tuff is extremely popular locally, while Sir Harry Johnston was a very strong outsider with a big reputation. The latter is an Imperial Liberal Free Trader, while Mr. Tuff, the new member, whose photograph we publish, is a Balfourite. On the Tariff question he stated his views explicitly in these words: "When Free Trade was first advocated it was stated that within a few years it would be reciprocal. But that has not come to pass. No one could object to Free Trade if universal. I think an inquiry into the matter would be to the advantage of the trade of the country. But I could not support any measure which would increase the cost of living or tax raw material." Mr. Tuff, or, as he is more popularly known, "Charlie Tuff," is one of the best-known inhabitants of Rochester, and a native of the borough, as were both his parents, who were owners of large properties in the neighbourhood. He is head of the firm of Tuff and Miskin, of Rochester, Woolwich, and Dover, large Government contractors, builders, and barge-owners, the firm possessing the largest fleet of barges trading between the Medway and London. He is a member of the Rochester Town Council, served the office of Mayor of the borough in 1901 and 1902, and is a member of the Medway Board of Conservators, a Governor of Sir Joseph Williamson's School and of the Girls' Grammar School, and Vice-Chairman of the Rochester Educational Committee. His father-in-law, the late Mr. George W. Gill, was also for many years a member of the Corporation. Mr. Tuff resides at Boley Hill, Rochester.

Young British Colonists.

One of the most interesting phases of the good work done by Dr. Barnardo's Homes is that devoted to emigration. In these days, when every practical person recognises the necessity of peopling our vast possessions beyond the seas, we can all spare a word of encouragement and our good wishes to the eager and sturdy young lads who seek their fortunes in the Colonies. Last week Euston Station saw the departure from London of a throng of 336 young emigrants (212 boys and 124 girls) for Liverpool, to embark on the steamship *Dominion*, for Canada, under the auspices of the National Waifs Association (Dr. Barnardo's Homes). Including these children, who formed the fourth party of emigrants from the homes this year, the association has emigrated 1191 boys and girls in 1903, and a total since it commenced this work of 14,848. A *P.I.P.* photographer furnishes us with two pictures of the departure. THE GOSSIP.

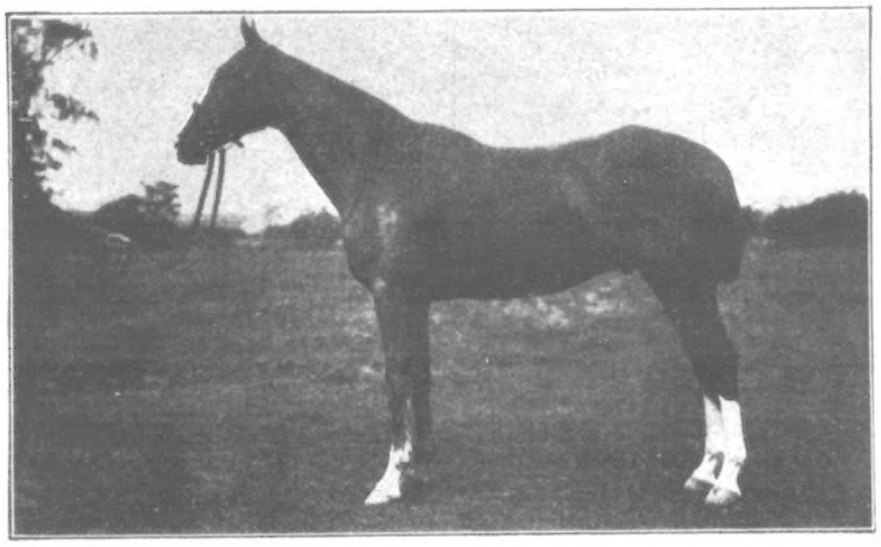
YOUNG BRITISH COLONISTS: SEEING THE EMIGRANTS OFF.

VERY PATHETIC WAS THE SIGHT OF MANY CRIPPLED BOYS BIDDING GOOD-BYE TO THEIR COMRADES.

Photo. Triele.

W. A. KENNA,

THE CELEBRATED DIVER AND UNDER-WATER PERFORMER, WHO HOLDS THE RECORD FOR WALKING UNDER WATER, VIZ., 73 YDS. 1 FT., IN 3 MIN. 44 SEC.



RED CLOUD, CHAMPION HUNTER OF THE WORLD.

JUST SOLD BY SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD TO THE DUKE OF BEDFORD FOR 1050 GUINEAS.

Distressing Fatness and its Cure.

It is an extraordinary fact that thousands of men and women go on month after month and year after year carrying a burden of superfluous fat, a burden often unsightly and always more or less distressing, without taking any wholehearted measures to rid themselves once and for all of the incubus. Others, perhaps less excusable still, undergo all kinds of weakening methods involving semi-starvation, the excessive use of cathartics, dangerous drugging, and other evils, without any permanent benefit in the way of destroying the tendency to get stout, but with, too frequently, a disastrous effect upon the constitution. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, as soon as these health-destroying methods are dropped, the fat forms again with redoubled persistence, notwithstanding the fact that the subject is obviously enfeebled in general health and vitality. The thousands of persons who have gone through any of these painful processes, and who have finally turned to the famous "Russell" treatment—the one scientific, rational, and permanent cure for excessive stoutness—are unanimous in their grateful acknowledgment of its marvellous effects, both as to radical cure of obesity and wonderful strength-giving powers. The "Russell" treatment not only eliminates from the system all superabundant fatty deposits, both internal and subcutaneous, but tones up the jaded system, promotes appetite, assists digestion and assimilation, and builds up health and nervous vigour and muscular strength by sheer force of increased nutrition. Its fat-eliminating powers are evident from the very first; for within twenty-four hours of adopting the treatment there is a decrease of weight varying from ½ lb. to 2 lb., according to the individual case. In cases of extreme obesity the decrease is considerably more, and sometimes approaches 4 lb. After the initial decrease indicated there is a consistent daily reduction while the treatment is followed, and with the ultimate certain attainment of normal proportions, the régime may be abandoned without fear of a relapse. The reduction is proportionate over the entire surface of the body, with the result that beautiful facial lines are as surely regained as correct abdominal girth. The muscles become firm, the skin clear, the complexion roseate, the bearing alert and graceful. After a complete course of "Russell" the patient is veritably a new being. The recipe of the principal preparation employed is given in "Corpulency and the Cure" (see note below), the standard work on the causes and the cure of corpulency. This compound is a harmless, pleasant-tasting liquid, of purely vegetable ingredients, and its grand tonic properties are such that it could have none but the best effects upon the most delicate constitution. A perusal of "Corpulency and the Cure," which contains information and advice of the highest value to stout persons as well as a thousand extracts from letters of persons of both sexes who certify to the permanent beneficial effects of the "Russell" treatment, is most earnestly recommended. The address is given below.

STANDARD BOOK FREE.

On receipt of three penny stamps to defray postage under plain sealed envelope, &c., Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., will be pleased to forward to all readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper" a gratis copy of his authoritative work, "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages, 8vo). It contains the most exhaustive information on the causes and cure of obesity, besides a thousand testimonials from the author's patients, and as many extracts from the Press. All communications treated as strictly private.

NO MORE STOUTNESS.
STRIKING LETTERS ON THE FAMOUS "RUSSELL" TREATMENT.

Reprinted from the "Methodist Recorder," Aug. 13, 1903.

After a perusal of "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), by the well-known specialist, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, we have no hesitation in saying that those of our stout friends who are wise enough to obtain a copy of this book and follow his advice need no longer be the victims of the unpleasant incubus of superabundant fat. The striking testimony from hundreds of patients fully bears out our view. The extracts from letters incorporated in the book are overwhelmingly conclusive, and the benefit derived has been uniformly *permanent*. Mr. Russell's method goes to the root of the evil, and destroys and eliminates the superfluous fat; at the same time it tones up the system, promotes appetite, assists digestion and assimilation, and makes a new being of the patient. In this respect it is entirely different from the weakening methods of fat-reduction which were prevalent in years gone by, and did so much harm to those who underwent them. The compound upon which Mr. Russell relies chiefly is purely vegetable and quite harmless. The recipe is given in "Corpulency and the Cure," a copy of which may be obtained by sending three penny stamps to the author, F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

THE KING in Scotland.—The King, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Lord Howe, and General Sir T. Kelly-Kenny, participated in an enjoyable deer-drive in Glenmuick. His Majesty arrived from Balmoral by motor-car at about eleven o'clock in the morning, and the drive was at once begun. Sport was not so good as on previous occasions, owing to the deer being mostly on higher hills. The drive lasted over five hours, finishing at Aulthallich. On Saturday last the King witnessed a cricket-match between a team selected from members of the Balmoral and Abergeldie Households and the Monaltrie Cricket Club. The latter side won easily by 76 runs. Mr. Balfour has left Balmoral for his residence at Whittingehame, near Edinburgh, and important announcements with regard to the reconstruction of the Cabinet are hourly expected.

Death of a Duke.—The Duke of Richmond and Gordon died on Sunday morning last at Gordon Castle, Fochabers, in his eighty-sixth year. He was the oldest Duke in Great Britain, and was sixth in the direct line of descent from King Charles II. In the New Domesday Book he was returned as owning 286,409 acres of land, with a rent-roll of £79,671. His chief seat was at Goodwood, near Chichester, the famous racecourse being situated on the estate. In 1867, 1868, and again in 1885, the late Duke was President of the Board of Trade; while from 1869 to 1876 he was leader of the Conservative party in the House of Lords. The Earl of March, who succeeds to the dukedom, was born in 1815. He served in the South African Campaign, and is a Military Aide-de-Camp to the King.

Military and Naval Items.—The following important appointments have been officially announced: Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Hunter to command the troops in Bombay, vice General Sir R. C. Low; Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Tucker to command the Scottish District, vice Lieutenant-General Sir A. Hunter; Major-General Sir R. Pole-Carew to command the Eighth Division, Third Army Corps, vice Major-General Sir Hugh McCalmont; Major-General H. C. O. Plumer to command the Tenth Division and Nineteenth Brigade, Fourth Army Corps, vice Major-General Sir W. F. Gatacre.—Major Bunbury, D.S.O., has taken over temporary command of the Seventeenth (Leicestershire) Regimental District, in place of Colonel McKinstry, who has become Commandant of the Duke of York's School at Chelsea, in succession to Colonel Forrest, retired.—Major-General Hallam Parr, C.B., is retiring in November from the command of the North-Western District on account of ill-health.—The *London Gazette* states that Riding-Master and Hon. Lieutenant M. K. Cockburn, 21st Lancers, has been cashiered by sentence of a general court-martial. Lieutenant Cockburn was formerly a "ranker" in the King's Dragoon Guards, and was regarded as one of the finest horsemen in the service. While in Dublin he was court-martialled on a charge of uttering worthless cheques.—Colonel W. W. Smith has retired owing to age from command of the Severn Defences, and is succeeded by Colonel E. H. Walker, R.A., lately Chief Inspector at the Army Clothing Factory, Pimlico.—The first-class cruiser *Diadem* and the second-class cruiser *Scylla* have been put into commission at Chatham Dockyard to convey new crews to Sydney for the cruisers *Katoomba*, *Wallaroo*, *Tauranga*, and *Mildura*, four of the vessels built in accordance with the arrangements with the Australian colonies for the protection of floating trade in Australian waters.—About 600 recruits have already joined the London Division of the Naval Volunteer Reserves.

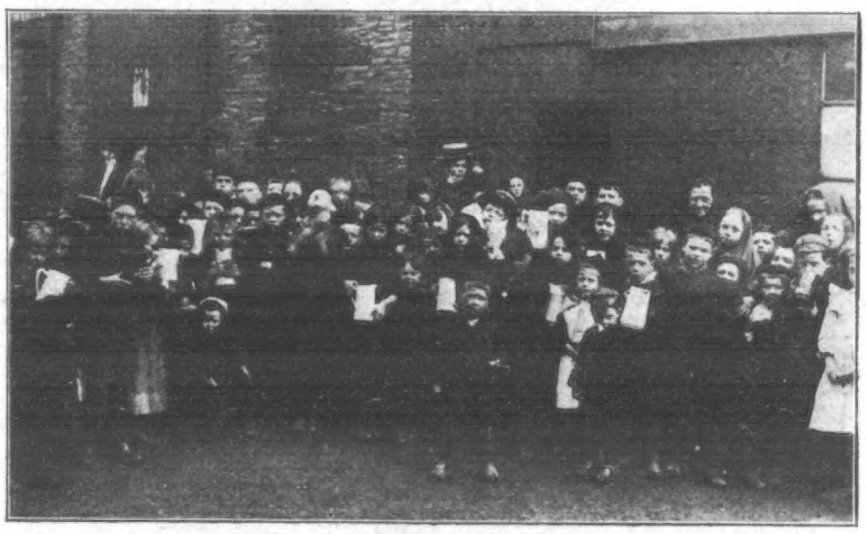


Photo. "Topical."

THE COTTON TRADE DISTRESS IN BURY: WAITING FOR FREE FOOD.

The Revolution in Macedonia.—News from the Balkans is still of the gravest character. General Zountscheff and his massed revolutionaries are said to be blockaded by the Turks and suffering great privations. Meanwhile the Turkish troops continue their work of massacre. Fifteen peasants from the village of Zlatan, which was burned, returned at the invitation of the Turkish Government from the mountains to their ruined homes. There they were set upon by a troop of soldiers, driven into a ditch, and massacred. The soldiery are also reported to have burned a number of monasteries, whilst the Bulgarians have destroyed three villages near Koritza. Turkey has been massing her troops without attracting much attention. The total number now mobilised is 300,000, not including the Constantinople garrison.

Paris to Hull by Balloon.—Count Henri de la Vaulx, a French aëronaut, has just accomplished a notable trip. With two companions he ascended from St. Cloud, passed over from France to England at the upper portion of the English Channel, and successfully descended at Carlam Hill Farm, near Hull. The distance travelled was 360 miles.

The Missing Lady Doctor.—No trace has yet been found of Miss Hickman, who disappeared so mysteriously five weeks ago. An inquiry held by the Medical Committee of the Royal Free Hospital resulted in the declaration that there is no reason to believe that the missing lady was not in her normal mental condition when she disappeared. Miss Hickman's father is now advocating a memorial to the Home Secretary asking for a public inquiry. He suggests that the memorial shall be signed by as many people as possible, and that it shall be presented by an influential deputation.

Coal-Mining at Dover.—The first seam of coal at the Dover Colliery was entered at the end of last week, and satisfactory results obtained. The seam was struck at a depth of 1190 feet. Owing to the percussion method used in sinking the shaft, the strata was much pulverised, and several tons of coal were brought to the surface in a state of powder. A considerable quantity of pure sample coal was, however, brought up by a "grab." The huge "cutter" used for sinking the shaft is still passing through the seams, of which there are two, divided by a thin layer of sandy shale.

Camberwell Factory Burnt Out.—Through a disastrous fire on the premises of the London Essence Company, George Street, Camberwell, damage estimated at £100,000 was done. Soon after the discovery of the outbreak all the available strength of the Brigade in the south-eastern division was concentrated at the fire. Despite their efforts, however, the flames spread so rapidly that the great four-floor warehouse was soon ablaze from end to end. Some of the firemen had a narrow escape owing to the collapse of a wall, but fortunately they all managed to jump out of the way in time. Crowds of spectators greatly interfered with the work of the Brigade by breaking the police cordon and standing on the hose to obtain a better view.

Collision in a Glasgow Tunnel.—Two men lost their lives in a collision which occurred on the Glasgow underground system of the Caledonian Railway. A mineral train was standing at the danger signal in the tunnel when another train dashed into the rear of it, smashing the guard's van, derailing its own engine, and wrecking a number of wagons. For over two hours a stoker named James McEwan lay pinned beneath the engine. His right leg was severed, his left fractured, and he was terribly scalded. He died shortly after being admitted to the hospital. The driver, William Simpson, was found buried among the wreckage. He had been killed instantaneously.

Great Brass Band Contest.—At the Crystal Palace last Saturday, the greatest band contest on record took place. No less than 117 bands competed for prizes whose aggregate value was £1650. Excursion trains from all parts of the country brought crowds of partisans to Sydenham, and the excitement was tremendous. The principal struggle, of course, was that for the Crystal Palace Challenge Trophy, a magnificent affair worth £1000. This was won by the famous Besses o' th' Barn Band, with Rushden Temperance second, and Black Dyke—last year's winners of the trophy—third. The *Daily Telegraph* Challenge Cup was won by Pemberton Old; while the Walthamstow Silver Band were popular victors of the *Daily Express* Challenge Shield. Winners of first prizes in the other sections were Rawmarsh Band, Hull Waterloo, and Dorking Town.

Italian Shot Dead in Clerkenwell.—Late on Sunday evening several shots were heard in rapid succession coming from a thoroughfare known as Back Hill, which runs out of the Clerkenwell Road. A crowd quickly gathered on the scene, and it was then discovered that two young Italians had been shot. One of them was dead, the other badly wounded. The man killed was Felice Rugiera, aged twenty-one; the wounded man's name is Marocco, aged twenty-five. It appears that Marocco was quarrelling with a girl, when another Italian, named Capucitto, fired four shots at him with a revolver. Only one bullet struck Marocco, the others hit Rugiera, who chanced to be passing at the time. The alleged assailant was captured after an exciting chase and taken to the police-station.

The Paris Tragedy.—The French police are satisfied that the motive of the murder of the notorious Paris demi-mondaine, Mdlle. Eugénie Fougere, at Aix-les-Bains, was robbery. All her jewels have disappeared from the villa. She went to bed overnight as usual, and early the next morning Madame Giriat, a female companion who slept in the house, was awakened by the noise of steps in the hallway. She had scarcely time to sit up when the candle which she had left burning was blown out. She was then bound hands and feet by men in the dark, and lost consciousness. She can only remember having seen two men at the moment the candle was blown out, and heard one of them repeat, "Quick! quick!" as they were trying to strangle her. It was not until Monday morning

Photo. "Topical."

THE COTTON TRADE DISTRESS: A RELIEF SOUP-KITCHEN IN BURY.

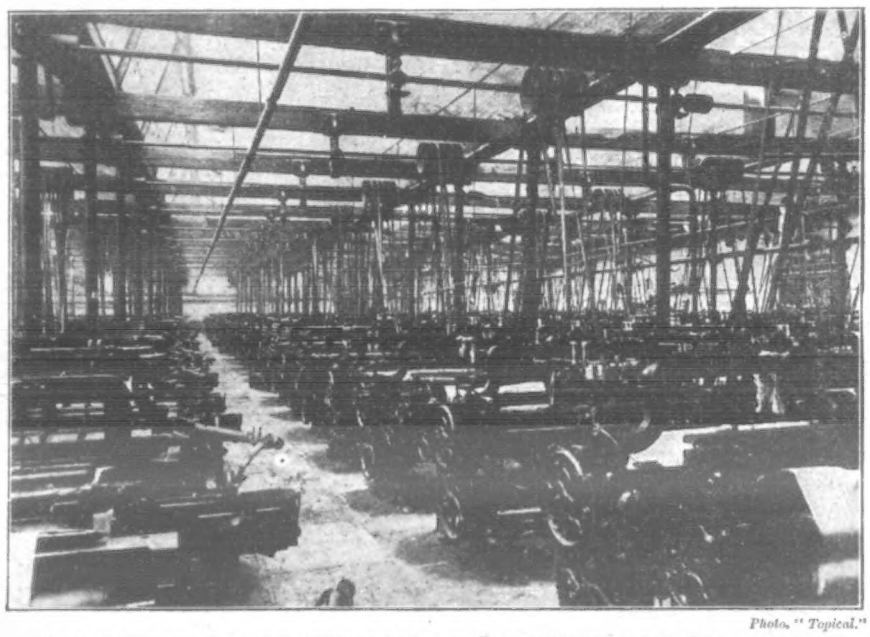


Photo. "Topical."

THE COTTON TRADE DISTRESS. DESOLATION—THE IDLE MILL.

SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES AT THE POLICE-COURT.

THE VICTIM OF THE PARIS TRAGEDY.

THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINEERING TRAGEDY.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

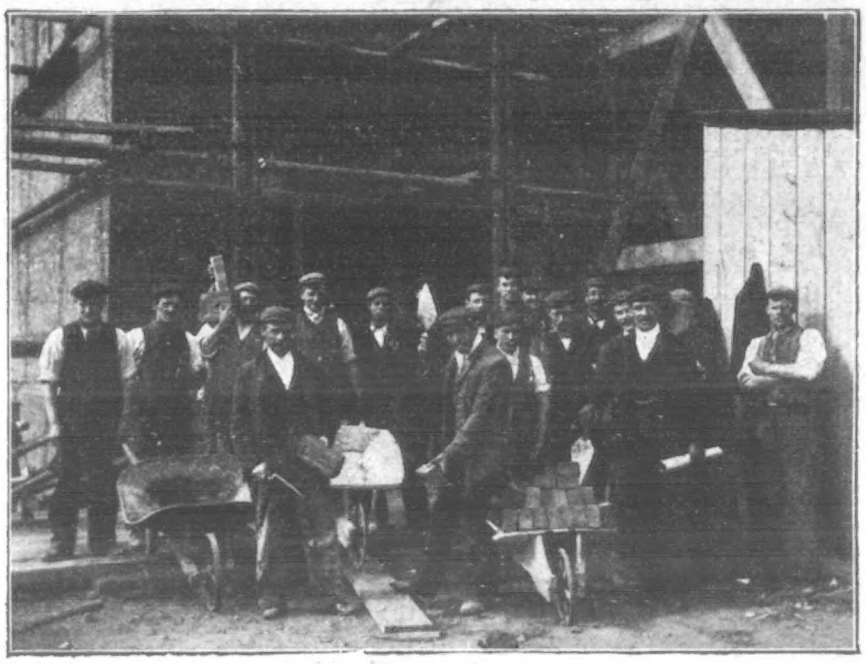
that the crime became known. The hairdresser of Mdlle. Fougère, M. Pelletier, came to the villa, as usual, about a quarter-past eight. He rang and heard no answer. A short time before, some workmen had heard a faint call on the other side of the villa, coming from Madame Giriat, who

SCENE OF THE WALTHAMSTOW TRAGEDY IN GRIGGS ROAD.

had been able to drag herself to the window. They brought ladders and entered the house. Madame Giriat could only say the name "Fougère." M. Pelletier went to Mdlle. Fougère's room, and there found her strangled, with her hands and feet tightly bound. Her face was already discoloured. M. Pelletier then rushed to the room of the chambermaid, and found her also strangled in the same way as her mistress. The rooms were all upset; the furniture had been broken open and searched. The jewel-casket was empty.

Triple Tragedy at Walthamstow.—A shocking tragedy was enacted last Sunday at 89, Griggs Road, Walthamstow, when a man named Clarence John Marshall murdered his wife and child and then committed suicide. At about seven o'clock in the morning screams were heard coming from the house, and immediately afterwards smoke was seen to be issuing from the front room of No. 89. Neighbours forced open the door, and feeling their way along the smoke-filled passage, stumbled over a huddled form near the door of the back room. It proved to be the dead body of Mrs. Marshall. Her throat had been cut and she had received several stabs in the breast. The bed-room was next entered, and there on the hearthrug was found the eleven-months-old baby, its head almost severed from its body. Upon the bed lay Marshall. He, too, was dead, with a terrible gash in his throat. By his side lay a long, broad-bladed knife, stained with blood. An examination of the room showed that the fire was not an accident, for in a corner was found a heap of clothes and paper saturated with paraffin. Marshall was known as a man of strong religious feelings, and it is conjectured that religious mania was responsible for the terrible crime.

Murder on the High Seas.—At Bristol Police-Court this week there stood in the dock a tall, muscular ship's fireman named Jean Lewis. He was charged with the murder of Demitri Zadaki, and with wounding Manuel Andros. On Aug. 24, when the steam-ship *Bristol* was twelve days out from Las Palmas, a quarrel arose between the three men. Lewis is alleged to have drawn a long knife and plunged it to the hilt into Zadaki's side. Then, in a mad frenzy, he turned upon Andros, who, crouching to avoid the thrust, turned the blade by receiving a great gash on the wrist. Lewis then caught up a club and rained blow after blow upon him. Hearing the noise, the rest of the crew broke in the fastened hatch and found the two men struggling. Dashing past them, Lewis reached the deck aft, where, after holding his would-be captors at



GROUP OF THE CHAMPION BRICKLAYERS,

WHO BY THEIR RECORD INDUSTRY IN WORKING FOR THE WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY HAVE ATTRACTED CONSIDERABLE ATTENTION.

bay for some time, he at length threw down his knife and club and submitted to be placed in irons. Prisoner was remanded.

The Scafell Disaster.—A terrible mountain-climbing calamity, involving the loss of four lives, occurred on Scafell last week. The victims were Stanley Ridsdale, Richard W. Broadrick, Henry L. Jupp, and A. E. W. Garrett. They set out from their hotel bent upon ascending Scafell by a route which is second only in difficulty to the notel Pillar Rock. The climb, indeed, is a "chimney" on the northern and most precipitous side of the mountain. Only once has it been successfully accomplished. Exactly what happened will never be known; but later in the day a second party of tourists discovered the bodies of the four victims lying at the bottom of a deep ghyll. They were tied together with ropes, and only Mr. Ridsdale was alive. His first words were: "I have broken my legs and my back. Go and look after the other chaps." The others were dead, however, and five hours later, while being carried on a hurdle to the Wastwater Hotel, Mr. Ridsdale also succumbed. The circumstances appear to indicate that the ill-fated party had climbed about 400 ft. when, through one of them slipping, the calamity occurred.

Miners Entombed for Forty Hours.—Amid a scene of wild enthusiasm, four men who had for over forty hours been imprisoned in the South Maudlen seam of the Usworth Colliery were released by a rescue party. They were taken to their homes, and seemed to be little the worse for their experience. The fall of stone which imprisoned the men was a heavy one, and the work of rescue exceedingly dangerous. A mass of rock, computed to be one thousand tons in weight, had to be got through. Only a few men could work at a time in the narrow passage, and these, owing to the foul air, had frequently to be relieved.

Workman Killed in the Strand.—An accident which resulted in the death of a man named Hurnden occurred at the Strand approach to the Savoy Hotel, where rebuilding operations are in progress. A derrick worked by hand was just raising an iron girder from the ground when the crane broke and swung round. Hurnden and two other workmen were thrown from the scaffolding a distance of about twenty feet. The three men were at once conveyed to King's College Hospital, but five minutes after admission Hurnden succumbed to his injuries. The other two were able to proceed to their homes after receiving medical attention.

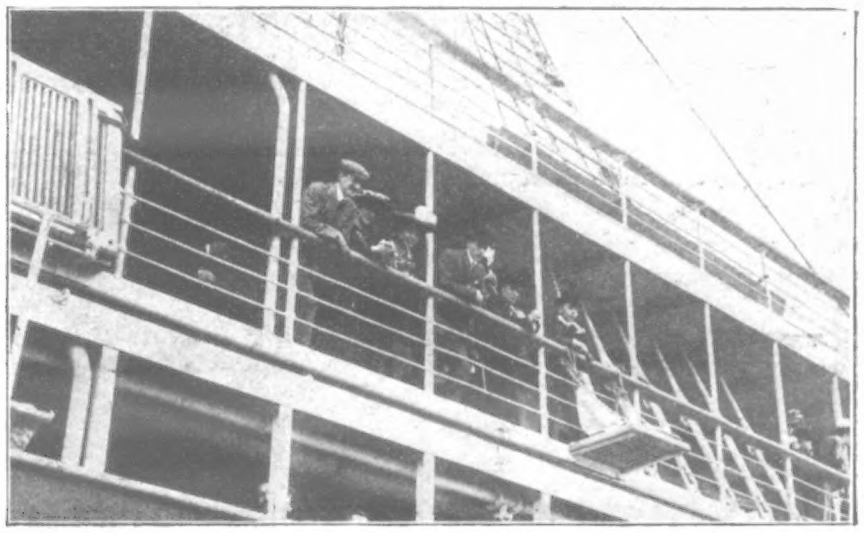
A Barmaid Murdered in Whitechapel.—Mr. Wynne Baxter held an inquest on the body of a barmaid named Martha Jane Hardwick, who was stabbed to death at the Lord Nelson public-house, Whitechapel. Charles Slowe, a dock-labourer, stands charged with the crime.

THE BARMAID TRAGEDY IN WHITECHAPEL.

THE LORD NELSON, WHICH WAS THE SCENE OF THE ALLEGED MURDER.

Mrs. Starkey, the landlady of the public-house and sister of the deceased, stated that Slowe was an occasional customer, but so far as she knew there was no love affair between him and her sister. A few hours before the tragedy the prisoner entered the house, and was served by the girl. He then went out, but returned just before closing time. While the lights were being turned out, deceased went to the outer door, and stayed for a few minutes. As she was turning to go into the bar again Slowe rushed at her, shouting as he did so, "I've got you!" He then stabbed her and bolted into the street, but was pursued and captured. Questioned by the coroner as to a rumour that the deceased was threatened by the prisoner some time ago, Mrs. Starkey admitted that such was the case. Slowe, who was present in court in charge of a couple of warders, declined to put any questions.

Theatrical Company Mobbed.—An extraordinary scene was witnessed at the Constitutional Hall, Egham, a few nights ago. A large audience had assembled in the expectation of seeing a travelling company perform a well-known musical comedy. Owing, however, to the absence of several of the players, the piece could not be given, and the management improvised a variety entertainment to take its place. The disappointed audience commenced to clamour for the return of their money. This demand not being complied with, they stormed the stage, mobbed the players, tore the drop-scene to pieces, and broke up everything they could lay hands on. While the riot was at its height, the manager of the company made himself scarce, taking with him the whole of the night's receipts.



ABOARD THE "ORONTES": MR. R. F. FOSTER ON LEFT.

ABOARD THE "ORONTES": BRAUND AND HAYES.

ABOARD THE "ORONTES": MR. WARNER (CENTRE), MR. J. A. MURDOCH (MANAGER OF TEAM) ON THE RIGHT.

ABOARD THE "ORONTES": BRAUND ON RIGHT, RELF AND STRUDWICK ON LEFT.

GOOD LUCK TO WARNER'S TEAM!—PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE DEPARTURE FOR AUSTRALIA ON SEPTEMBER 25.

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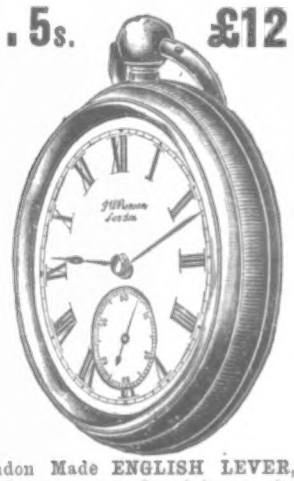
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THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

TRULY football is a curious game, and as full of the element of glorious uncertainty as cricket. To see Manchester City at the head of the League table while Liverpool is at the rock-bottom position, without a single point to their credit, is enough to make a student of form despair. Two years ago last April, Liverpool were the proud winners of the League championship; last season, Manchester had to struggle through the Second Division in order to regain a position in the premier circle. Going further back, to 1895-96, we find Liverpool and Manchester City dead-heating on points for first place in the Second Division. Yet look at the wide gulf that divides them now!

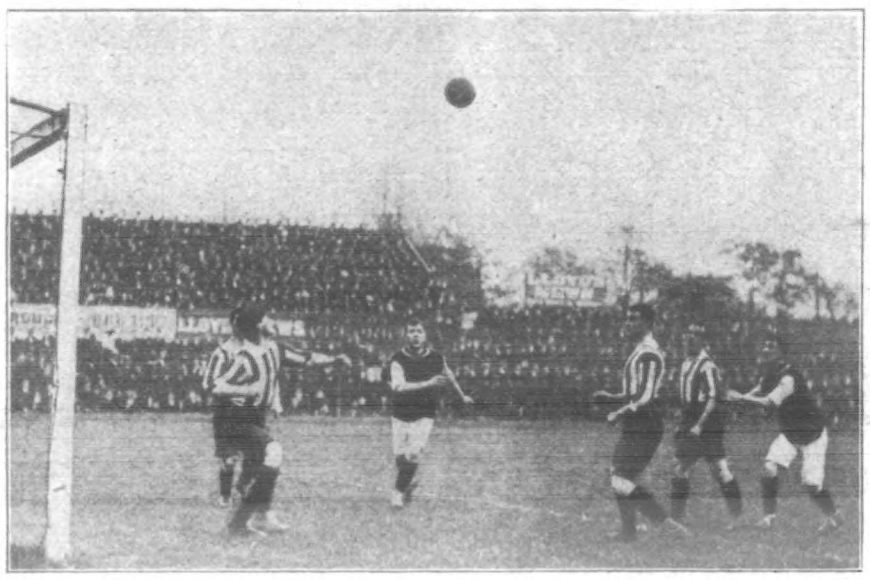
Manchester City's performance at Trent Bridge last Saturday was the outstanding, I was going to say astounding, feature of the League list of results. The "City" have always been a troublesome lot to Notts County, but for the latter to lose by three clear goals on their own ground was a bitter pill indeed for the "Lambs." Even allowing for the fact that Bull was off the field for more than half the game, it must be put down as a smart feat on the part of the present League leaders, who head the list over the two Sheffield clubs and Sunderland by virtue of superior goal average, all four having so far secured 8 points in the competition.

Next to the Mancunians' win that of West Bromwich Albion over Liverpool, at Anfield Road, came as an eye-opener. The odd part of the meeting was that neither the "Throstles" nor Tom Watson's men had won a match, and it was felt that Liverpool's chance had come at last. But their recruits have turned out very badly, and the team is all at sixes and sevens. The go-ahead methods of Worton, Dorsett, Simmons, and Hadley were too much for the home side, who went under by three goals to one. No wonder their supporters are beginning to grumble.

Sunderland fell victims for the first time this season, Bury "downing" them by a similar score to that at Liverpool. Sagar's appearance in the centre made all the difference to Bury's attack, although there was nothing to choose between the old International and the rival centre-forward. This was W. Hogg, who is better known as an outside right. However, Bury excelled at half-back, Johnston, Frank Thorpe, and Ross all playing grandly. Sheffield United only just scraped through victors over Derby County by three goals to two, after being well behind; and a similar score was the result of the Wolverhampton and Notts Forest match, the "Wolves" having the odd goal in their favour.

WEST HAM UNITED v. READING: A "THROW-IN" BY WEST HAM.

Aston Villa had only won one game prior to Saturday, but they made no mistake in their fixture with Everton, and won by three goals to one, after a glorious contest. The League champions were at Blackburn, where a pointless draw was the result, so that Sheffield Wednesday are still undefeated, an honour shared only by their neighbours, the United and Manchester City. Bob Crompton played a champion game for the Rovers, and the Blackburn crowd rose at him as time after time he repulsed the Wednesday attack. By the way, Crompton celebrated his twenty-third birthday last Saturday, and the great back evidently meant to play up to his International standard. And he did.



WEST HAM UNITED v. READING: AN ANXIOUS MOMENT FOR READING.

Newcastle United got the only goal in their game with Stoke, and Middlesbrough overcame Small Heath by three goals to one. Small Heath share with Liverpool the doubtful distinction of having no win to their credit. In the Second Division the tit-bit was the meeting of the two southern clubs, Woolwich Arsenal and Bristol City on the latter's ground. So intensely interesting did the fixture prove that the gate amounted to well over £400—a record for the ground. The Arsenal continued their season's brilliant form, and fairly overran the Bristolians, who succumbed by the decisive margin of four goals to none. This was the twelfth meeting of the two clubs, and the Arsenal can claim nine victories, with a superior goal record of twenty-seven to thirteen.

In the Southern League, Luton kept up their recent good form, and their victory by a goal over the Queen's Park Rangers brought them to the head of affairs, as Millwall dropped a point at New Brompton. It was, however, by no means a bad performance for the "Lions" to go to the Kent town and make a draw of one goal each. A still more meritorious feat was that of Plymouth Argyle, who played a brilliant game at Tottenham and beat the 'Spurs by two goals to nil. Poor 'Spurs! They were beaten again on Monday, when they went under to Millwall in the Southern Charity Competition, and one wonders if this can be the same club that won the English Cup!

Reading, like Luton, still retain a slate clean from losses, although they came near being defeated at West Ham, where the United deserved to win. But a draw of one goal each resulted, as was likewise the case at Swindon, where, as usual, Southampton were hard held by the Railwaymen. Brentford found Wellingborough too hard a nut to crack, and the pair divided the points, neither being able to score a goal. Northampton overcame Bristol Rovers by two to one, and Fulham went under at Kettering by one to nil. These were mostly expected results, but what of the great victory Brighton and Hove Albion gained at Portsmouth? No one in their sober senses would have tipped the Brightonians as winners at Fratton Park, but they not only won by three goals to nil, but fully deserved to. They played with that perseverance, pluck, and dash that so often beats methodical skill in football, and Portsmouth had about the worst day in their existence.

CRICKET.

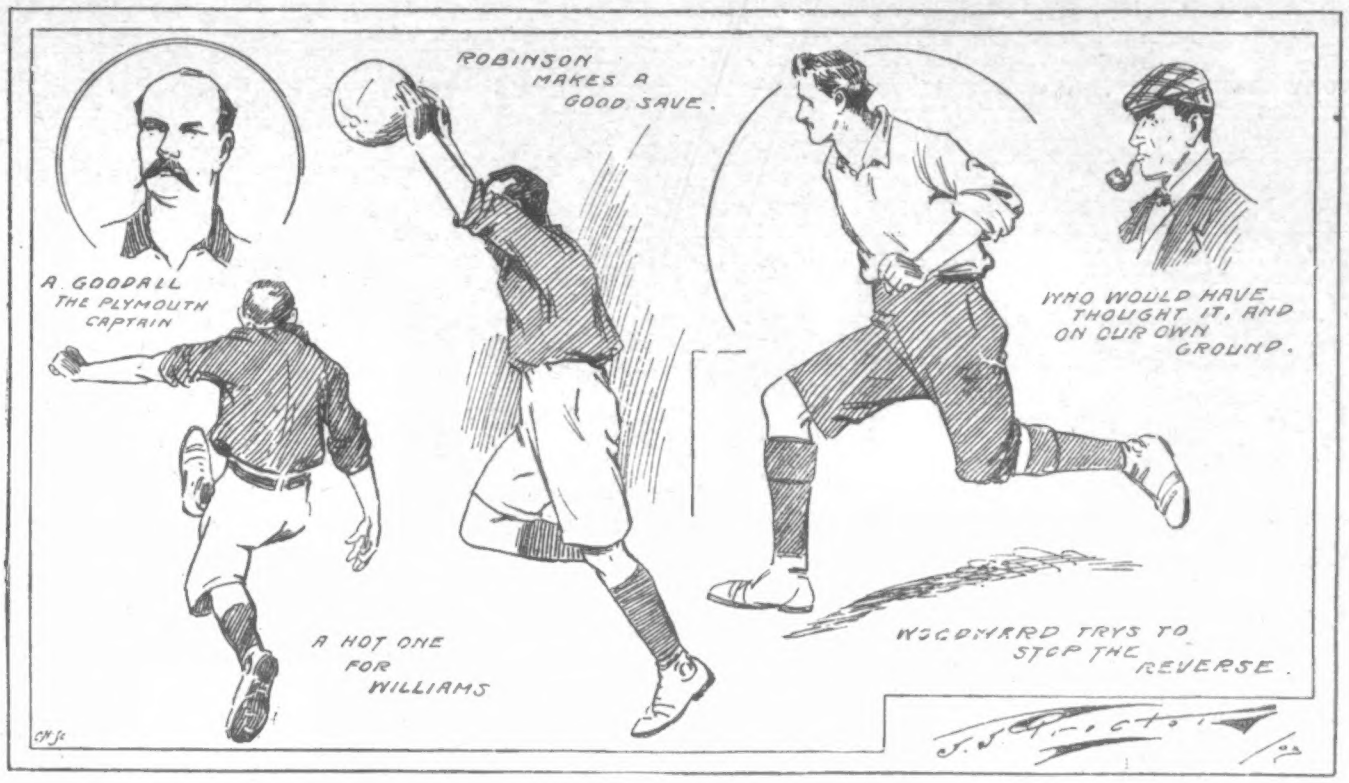
Those who travelled to Tilbury to see the *Orontes* take half the M.C.C. team for Australia from the docks found a scene of enthusiasm which beats anything I have ever seen in similar circumstances. The speeches made by Mr. F. Green, chairman of the Orient Line, and Mr. P. F. Warner, captain of the English team, were vigorously applauded, and, if we have not got a thoroughly representative side, we have, at least, a little band of whole-hearted tryers. And the magnificent send-off that was accorded the moiety who sailed direct from the docks was calculated to stimulate

Archer. Bowman. Collins. Miles (Trainer). Hitch. Bull. Newlands.

Hamilton. Abbott. Brown. McGowan. Cross. [Photo. Thiele.

A FAMOUS FOOTBALL TEAM: QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.

SCENES FROM "THE GOLDEN SILENCE," AT THE GARRICK.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."



TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR v. PLYMOUTH ARGYLE: SKETCHES BY THE "P.I.P." SPECIAL ARTIST.

the team to do their very utmost to bring back those imaginary "ashes" after which we have been hankering for so many years.

P. F. Warner, R. E. Foster, Braund, Knight, Relf, Strudwick, and Fielder were the players who embarked last week, the remaining seven travelling overland to join their splendid boat at either Marseilles or Naples. I spoke to Mr. Warner on board the liner, and never were more confident words uttered than the English skipper said to me in reply to my question as to the health and prospects of his team: "After all the adverse criticism we have been subjected to, we are determined to show that we are a real good side." Later on, in the speech he made on the upper deck, Mr. Warner stated that he had every confidence in his men, and he was sure they had confidence in him, a statement which "brought down the house" (or should it be "ship"?).

The *Orontes* left Plymouth on Saturday, when Mr. Warner had the last words to say before leaving the Old Country. The batting was good down to the last man, and although it might have been improved by the inclusion of two or three prominent amateurs, he was content with the team he had to command. R. H. Spooner's place was not filled up, and the party is thus fourteen.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE WALK AT STAMFORD BRIDGE LAST SATURDAY.

I am sorry to notice the death of "Jack" Crossland, the old Lancashire bowler about whose delivery there was so much heated controversy a score of years ago. Who was right and who wrong does not matter now that the poor chap has gone over to the majority; and it suffices to say that he took 331 wickets during his first-class cricket career at a cost of 11·19 runs each. Crossland was a native of Nottingham, where he died, at the age of fifty, last Saturday morning, the cause being acute pneumonia.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

Alfred Shrubb's wonderful running has been the feature of the athletic season of 1903. Time and again the world of sport has been electrified by brilliant flashes by the Horsham runner. Last Saturday, at the last meeting of the London Athletic Club of the present season, he beat the mile and a half record. The previous figures stood to the credit of Charles Bennett, of the Finchley Harriers. His time, made at Stamford Bridge in June 1899, was 6 min. 51 sec. Last week Shrubb went one better by doing 6 min. 47 3-5 sec. for the full journey, or, in other words, 3 2-5 sec. better than Bennett's time.

Shrubb's performance does not constitute a world's record, as Willie Cummings, the little wonder whose races with Walter G. George are still fresh in the memory, did 6 min. 43⅗ sec. at Preston in 1880. But the merit of Shrubb's performance is greater than it reads on paper. It followed immediately on the Stock Exchange walk. At the close of that event the track had been churned up to no little extent, and the South London Harrier had to run on very loose ground.

It is just possible that had he had a firm elastic path, Cummings' figures would have gone. Anyway, should he elect to have a go next season, there is no reason why not only that record, but George's wonderful mile of 4 min. 12 3-4 sec., should not be put out of court.

On Monday our old friend, Dave Fenton, opposed G. C. Toplis in a fifty miles walking race for the professional championship at Stamford Hill. Fenton led for ten miles, but Toplis altogether outstayed him, and eventually won by nearly two miles in 8 hours 46 min. 28 sec.

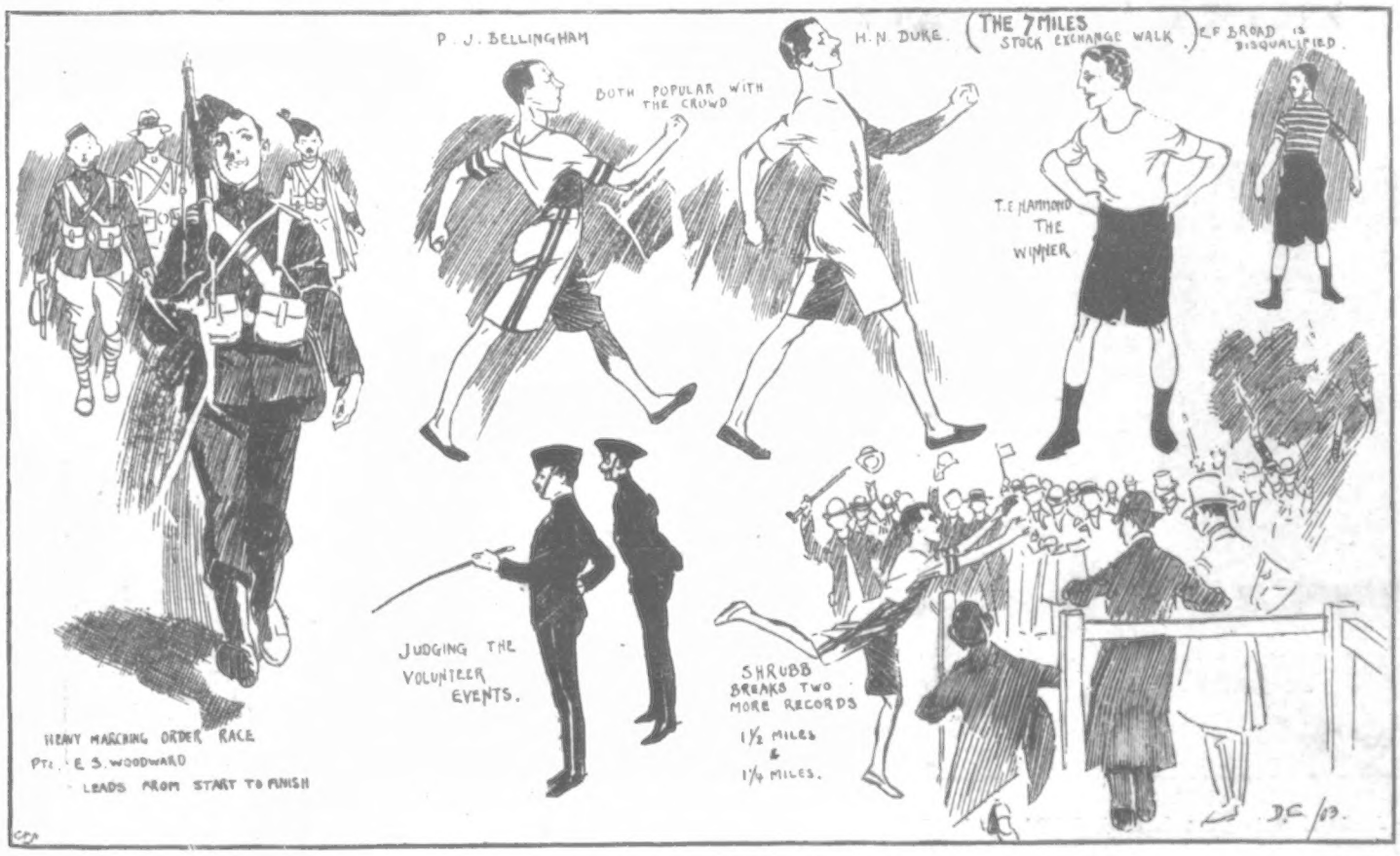
Evidently the Stock Exchange walkers are seen to more advantage on the road over a long course than in a seven-miles walk on a track. At the L.A.C. meeting, those who did best in the London to Brighton walk came in with the crowd. E. F. Broad, the winner of the big road event, was nowhere, and the winner turned up in T. E. Hammond. The time, 59 min. 52 2-5 sec., was slow for this class of event. Several other open events figured on the programme, but compared with the two races named they were commonplace.

The world's amateur cycling championship, distance two kilomètres, was decided on the West Ham track at Canning Town. The race was in reality a match between those old opponents, A. L. Reed and J. S. Benyon; Reed just winning by a wheel.

Another interesting event was the beating of the fifty miles tandem road record by G. H. Grimsdell and C. Bryer, of the North Road C.C. Starting from Hitchin, the pair went by way of Norman's Cross and Kate's Cabin, and completed the distance in 2 hours 1 min. 50 sec. This beats the unpaced British tandem record standing to the credit of the Brothers Chase, who did 2 hours 2 min. 25 sec. The official timekeeper to the Roads Records Association, Mr. W. L. Wolveridge, timed.

BOXING.

Highly successful were the Army and Navy Boxing Championships which were competed for at Aldershot last week. Special sketches by a *P.I.P.* artist appear on page 216. The results of the final bouts were as follows: Feather Weights.—Driver Himphen (R.F.A.) beat Private Lee (11th Hussars). Heavy Weights.—Private Harris (2nd Essex Regiment) beat Trooper Cooke (R.H.G.). Middle Weights.—Private Stebbins (21st Lancers) beat Bombardier Lally (R.M.A.). Light Weights.—Sapper Morgan (R.E.) beat Driver Thomas (R.H.A.). Officers' Heavy Weights.—Lieutenant Stanfield (2nd Gordon Highlanders) beat Lieutenant Moore (R.E.) Officers' Middle Weights.—Lieutenant Simson (2nd H.L.I.) beat Lieutenant Walmesley-Dresser (Royal Warwick Regiment). Officers' Light Weights.—2nd Lieutenant Kirke (R.E.) beat Captain Grove-Baines (2nd East Kent Regiment). BANSHEE.



THE LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB SPORTS MEETING: SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES AT STAMFORD BRIDGE LAST SATURDAY.

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(The "WONDER") will Run Daily, starting at 10.50. Seats booked in advance. Coach Office: HOTEL VICTORIA, NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE. May 1, 1904.

The punctuality of the "WONDER" from Shrewsbury was so great that Lord William Lennox tells us that many people at St. Albans regulated their watches by that coach as it entered the city.—*The Coaching Age.*

The "WONDER."—This famous Coach, established in 1825, kept its celebrity for punctuality and speed for many years. It was the first Coach that undertook so long a journey as 158 miles in one day.

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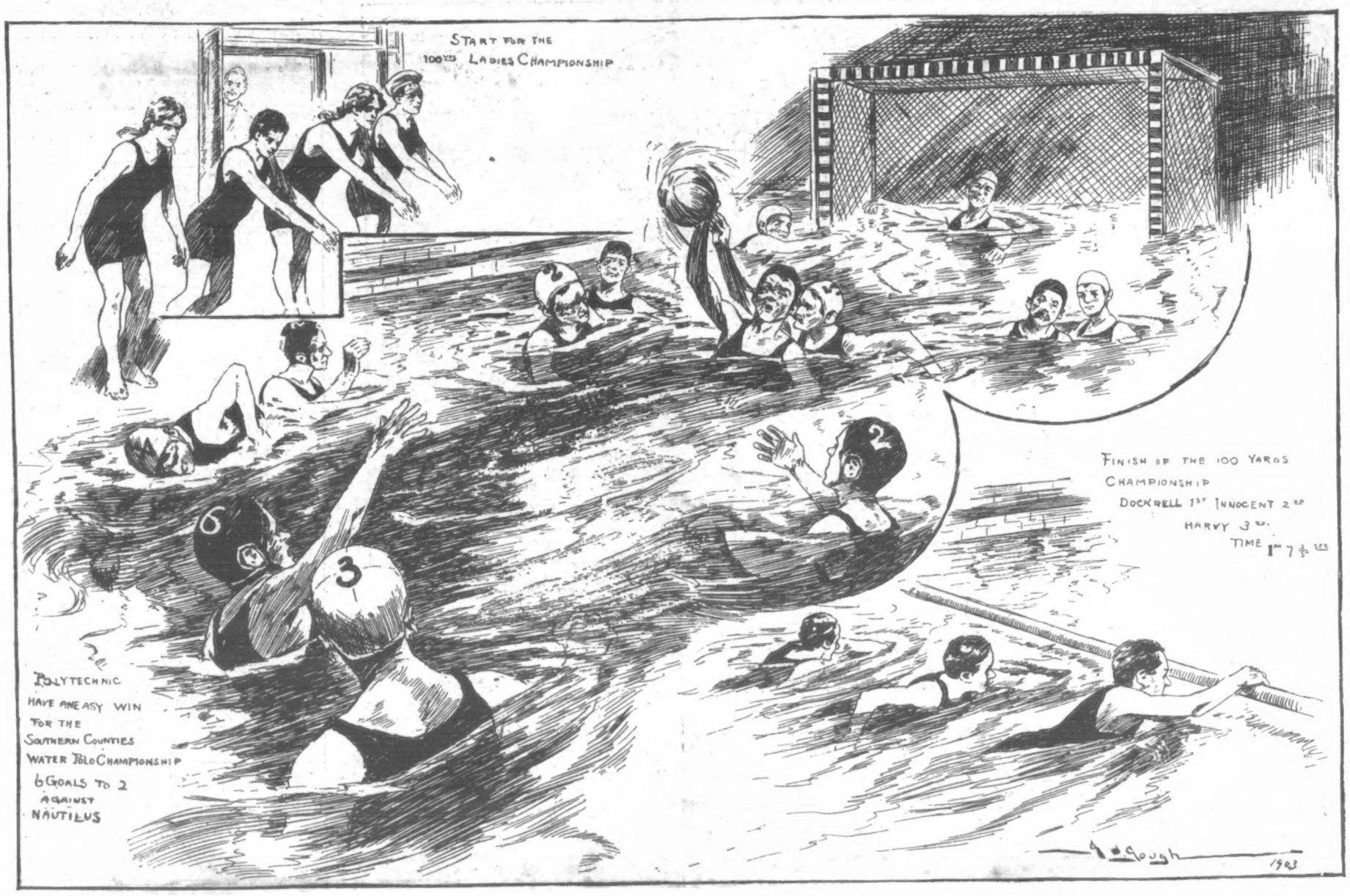
R. CARTWRIGHT, 8, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London.

HINDE'S HAIR WAVERS
The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual Injunction, with costs, restraining a West End Draper from passing off spurious curlers and selling them as "Hinde's" Curlers. Evidence was given by a lady nurse, Mrs. Nobbs of Kensington, that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wavers are genuine "Hinde's" unless they bear the name "Hinde's" legibly impressed both on the article and on the box. The present fashion of Undulated hair renders 'Hinde's Wavers' Nos. 13, 19, 20, a necessity at any well-appointed toilet table, and ladies to whom these little appliances may be at present unknown will experience a revelation as to the ease and rapidity with which the day or evening coiffure can be completed. They are sold in 1/- boxes by every dealer in the three Queendoms, or Sample Box may be had free by post for thirteen stamps from the proprietors, Hindes Limited, Finsbury, London, E.C.



THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES AMATEUR SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS: "P.I.P." SPECIAL SKETCHES AT LAMBETH BATHS LAST SATURDAY.

THE ARMY AND NAVY BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS: "P.I.P." SPECIAL SKETCHES AT ALDERSHOT LAST WEEK.

(See "The World of Pastime.")

SAVED BY A LIFE-LINE: THRILLING ADVENTURE OF A HERRING-BOAT.

The herring-boat "Snowflake" was wrecked at Yarmouth last week. The crew burned "flares" and threw out a life-line, which the rocket-brigade secured. The ten hands, by this means, safely reached the shore through the heavy surf.

TRAVELLING THEATRE WRECKED: RAID ON THE STAGE BY THE AUDIENCE AT THE CONSTITUTIONAL HALL, EGHAM, LAST WEEK

(See "The Week's News.")

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WITH Wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation, and so swollen that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression? If so, under the skin you have poison which, if not extracted, will cause you suffering till death releases you. Perhaps your knees are swollen, the joints being ulcerated; the same with the ankles, round which the skin may be discoloured, or there may be wounds. The disease if allowed to continue will deprive you of the power to walk. You may have attended various hospitals, and had medical advice and been told your case is hopeless or advised to submit to amputation; but do not, for I CAN CURE YOU. I don't say perhaps; but I WILL. Numbers have consulted me and been cured, after suffering from one to twenty years. If possible, call, or send a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. to ALBERT, 73A, Farringdon Street, London, and you will receive a box of

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT AND PILLS,

which is a Certain Remedy for the Cure of Bad Legs, Housemaid's Knee, Ulcerated Joints, Carbuncles, Poisoned Hands, and Bunions. (Registered Copyright.)

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

PARTI-coloured spots—that is, spots of various colours all mixed up together—will be seen this season on tweeds and other materials, and upon black and coloured grounds. The spots are lozenge-shaped, and not very small, of course. I have seen a dark and rather dull blue ground on which the spots are made up of soft green, light blue, brown, and a touch of yellow in silk, all massed together. It is said that blues and browns will be the favourite colours for autumn and winter wear, and the materials will be "matting," serge, or tweed, "matting" being a kind of coarse canvas. Amazon cloth will be another popular material, and it will be worn by those who do not dislike heavy gowns; but a novelty in cloth will be the "Sedan," which is fifty-two inches wide and 4s. 6d. a yard. I am told that some new and

Very Lovely Blouse Materials

are soon to make their appearance. I hope to see them in due time and examine them. I have been recommended very highly the flannels which are manufactured by Messrs. Moore, of Albion Street, Leeds. They have the Belfast Linen Warehouse in Leeds, and their materials have a very good name in the manufacturing world. The "Leeds Unshrinkable Flannel" is much in demand for ladies' golf and hockey skirts. This material is 1s. 8d. a yard, and thirty inches wide. Any of my readers who are about to provide an outfit for the first baby would do well to obtain some of the soft, warm, fleecy "Austral" flannel for the wee thing. It is delightful and, better still, unshrinkable. The prices range from 3½d. to 2s. 9d. a yard. The first price named must be rather thin for good wear. For blouses, dressing-jackets, and such-like, there are spotted flannels. A very good make among these is the "Finsbury," at 1s. 6½d. a yard. For boys' shirts and such-like hard-wear, the Croydon flannel is recommended.

"Constant Reader" may take for granted that

Tailor-Made Gowns are Worn Still;

they remain in fashion no matter what goes out. A great deal of fur will be worn on tailor-mades this season, and those of my readers who are fortunate enough to have good fur in their possession should look it up and see if it is free of moth and fit for use as trimming. Fur pelerines will take the place of lace and silk, and the long stole fronts will remain in favour for the present. Just now the newest shaped toque is remarkably ugly. It is like an elongated pork-pie, and the trimming seemed to me—upon the only one I have seen, except at a distance—to be a mass of narrow ribbons of different colours. But the flat hat remains in favour; the trimmings upon these hats are all at the back or at one side only. This mode does not suit everyone. Long uncurled feathers are seen on these low, flat hats, and very untidy and inelegant they are. Satin and lace are still in great favour for evening frocks, and this being so, those of my readers who are lucky enough to have some good lace or

An Old-Fashioned Satin Gown

can have the former used for trimming and the latter mended, but not washed unless it is very black. If dark from age, not dirt, it should not be cleaned.

A girl who signs herself "Spoiled Life" writes to tell me that her engagement with "such a charming young man" has been broken off by mutual consent, and that she is miserable, and will "remain so for ever." I hasten to assure her that she will live to laugh at her present state of misery. From what she tells me I should say that she and the "charming young man" were not suited to one another. She is, she says, "dreamy and romantic," and so is he, in a way, but that he laughs at her "romance" and calls her ideas "stuff and nonsense," although it is his ideas really that are ridiculous. If he can

Laugh at his Future Wife,

what would he not have done when he was married? There can be no real happiness if there is not sympathy and toleration born of genuine affection. Perfect agreement is not necessary, but there should be sympathy, and when two dreamers get together and the one thinks the other silly and foolish, the marriage is bound to be unhappy. My girl-reader must not be downcast. She has not met "Mr. Right" yet, and when he appears, I think she will find that, although he may be practical, he will love her all the better for her romantic fancies; but she must not let these "fancies" take such a strong hold upon her that she cannot prove herself to be a capable mistress of her husband's house. I wish my correspondent—she tells me that she is "devotedly fond" of reading—would read a new book called "The Rose of Joy," by Mary Findlater. It is a most beautiful story, and the heroine is a "dreamer," but she is not foolish or unpractical.

Another correspondent—a very practical one this time—asks me if it is wrong when

Washing Old Lace

to put blue in the water. She has been washing some very fine and good old lace, and the blue she put into the water has made it "quite common." I have no doubt of it. Old lace should not look blue. My correspondent must rinse it all out, and, as soon as the lace is clear again, rinse it in skim milk, which will give the proper old soft tint. You can clean gloves yourself with benzine, but you must have the glove on your hand in order to do it thoroughly. You put on one at a time, and rub from the wrist down to the fingers. If possible, stand at an open window as you clean the gloves, and if that is impossible, be sure you keep away from the fire, or a candle or lamp. A window with a breeze upon it and no sun is best. The wind dries leather better than the sun.

The Best of Plays

even gain something by being liberally mounted, and in no class of production upon the modern stage is this more apparent than when the dramatist has dealt with the world of fashion as it is known to up-to-date society. In the new play, for instance, by Mr. Haddon Chambers, just produced at the Garrick Theatre, the *dramatis personæ* are people of position, dressed in the height of fashion. "The Golden Silence" is a comedy of manners and the most important action in the play takes place in the boudoir of the Countess of Arlington, and rarely has a more sumptuous stage setting been given to a dramatic incident. The firm of Oetzmann and Co., of Hampstead Road, who were entrusted with the designing and furnishing, have made this a really striking scene. Smartly beautiful French furniture in carved gilt, soft tapestries in the old French style, *à la* Watteau, and a superb writing-table in heavily carved gilt make up an extremely handsome salon, yet the colours are so tastefully blended that the result is a general harmony of tone which is as agreeable as it is effective.

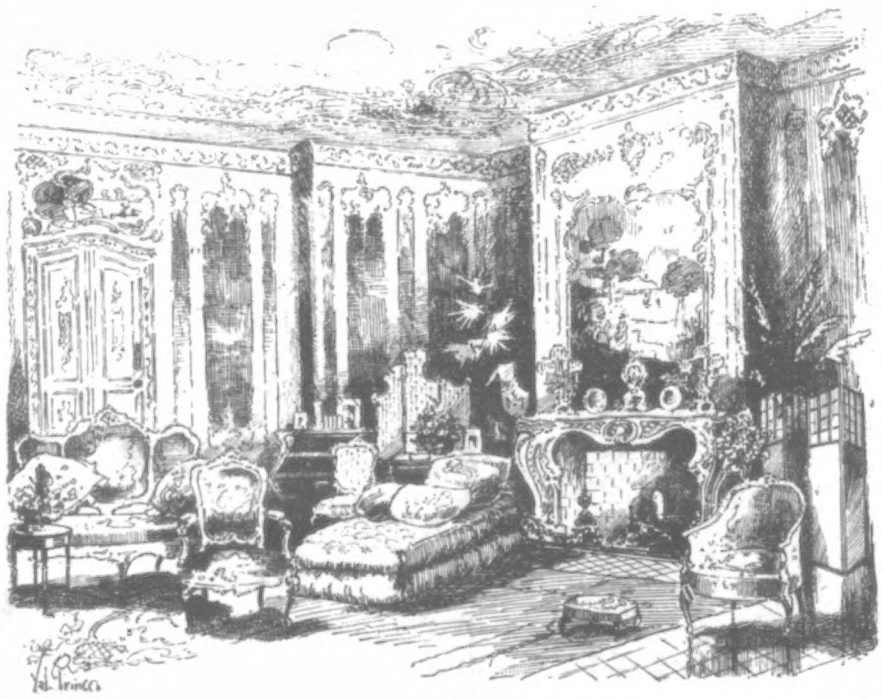
To Preserve Footwear.

For keeping shoes and boots which are spoiled by mud and wet from being injured permanently, a friend tells me that the best thing is to rub the leather clean, then rub it very well with vaseline, then put the shoes on trees, or stuff them with newspaper, and leave them for twenty-four hours. Then give another dressing and rubbing.

MARGUERITE.

Photo. G. Garet-Charles.

MISS ALICE D'ORME, OF DALY'S THEATRE.



LADY ARLINGTON'S BOUDOIR: A PRETTY SCENE IN "THE GOLDEN SILENCE," THE NEW PLAY AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

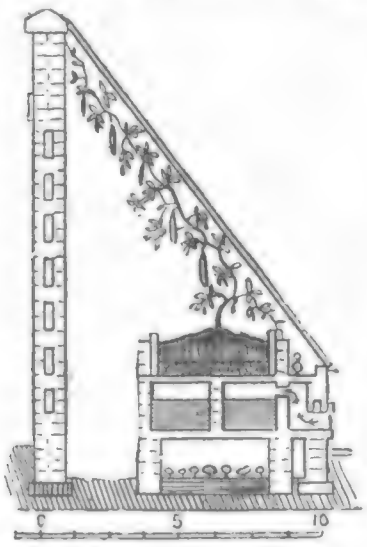
Mr. Barrie has hit upon an extremely grotesque idea in "Little Mary"—the name is merely a euphemistic term for the stomach. That is the whole of the mystery which has puzzled playgoers for weeks. "If you tell me what you feed on I will tell you what you are," says the renowned Savarin, and this doctrine pervades the play and brings the heroine, if such we can call her, a titled husband at the close. Absurd as it may seem, the audience laughed from beginning to end. It must be confessed that Mr. Barrie's wit sparkled as brightly as ever, and Miss Nina Boucicault looked and acted quite charmingly

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

Winter Cucumbers.

It is often a matter of some difficulty for the proprietor of a small establishment to hit upon the right sort of house in which to secure a succession of early forced fruit and vegetables, and at the same time make room for some select stove and greenhouse plants; but in large places the difficulty does not so often occur, because structures are adapted to each of the several kinds of work, and, of course, with greater convenience, safety, and certainty. A house of the kind illustrated is just what small growers require. The tank is fifteen feet long, and is supplied by flow and return pipes and a branch from the flow to supply atmospheric heat. To keep up a circulation of air, as well as of heat, there is an aperture in the front wall which can be opened or closed at pleasure. When opened, air is admitted under the pipes into a chamber, from whence it passes through an opening into the tank and thus gets moistened, as well as warmed, before it enters the house through the tubes which are placed at intervals along the casing of the tank. All of these can be closed when necessary. When used for cucumbers and melons a bed is made, a good depth of loose rubble being first laid down for drainage, and the soil is added as required by the plants; for if the bed were

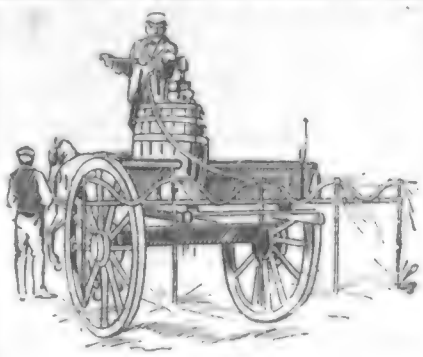


WINTER HOUSE FOR CUCUMBERS.

filled at once much of it would get soured before the roots had worked into it. A mushroom bed can be formed under the tank as shown.

A Potato-Sprayer.

The sprayer illustrated can be worked from a farm cart, and easily sprays fifteen acres per day, both under and over the leaves. It is unquestionably one of the best and most successful sprayers for potatoes that have ever been made, giving entire satisfaction in all cases. Several new devices are now employed which make the erection so very simple and easy that any intelligent workman can quickly set them up in good working order. A much improved agitating apparatus, and malleable casting for holding the spray tubes, and other simple improvements are added. The potatoes should be first sprayed as soon as they are finally earthed up, and again in three or four weeks, using 20 lb. of "Strawsonite" in about seventy or eighty gallons of water per acre each time. To work the sprayer from the cart-wheel an automatic gear can be supplied either with the machine or separately afterwards, which dispenses with the labour of one man and



A POTATO-SPRAYER.

ensures uniformity of spraying. This potato-sprayer has been largely sold for some years, being the first of the kind made, and improved by experience from year to year.

Cyclamens for the Market.

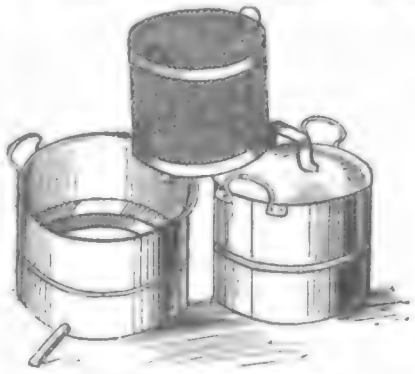
These are market-plants *par excellence*, and whether they come in as pot-plants or are grown for cut-blooms, providing a good strain is chosen, are always welcome. There is no place so suitable for the growth of these plants as a low-sunken, narrow pit, in which the glass comes down to within 14 in. or 15 in. of the ash-bed. These pits should be span-roofed, and be somewhat flat, so as to keep the glass down as much as possible. Only the best strain of giant cyclamen should be grown for cut bloom. Where it is desired to make a start with these plants seed should be sown at once. Twelve-inch seed-pans or boxes of about the same capacity should be chosen for the purpose of raising the plants, with a good sweet loam as the basis of the compost—two parts of this, one part road grit or silver sand, leaf mould two parts, the whole to be sterilised and sifted through a sieve with a ⅜-in. mesh. The boxes or pots must be well drained and the pans or boxes be filled to within ½ in. of the rim. If it is not possible to sterilise the soil it should be watered when in the receptacles with boiling water through a fine rose. This should be allowed to soak away, and the seed should be sown so that they are not nearer together than half an inch. The seed should be gently pressed into the soil, and be covered one eighth of an inch with fine soil from the same compost. The pans should then be put into a low pit—one that is not subjected to a drying atmosphere—and be kept at a uniform temperature of 50 deg. to 55 deg. As soon as the seedlings appear, either move to another pit or raise them up to within eight inches of the glass, until large enough to handle.

Model Small Holdings.

In the *Manchester Guardian* Professor Long gives some interesting particulars of the colony at Newdigate, in Surrey, lately started by the Small Holdings Association. I hope before long to pay a visit to the colony, and may then have something more to say about the progress of this very interesting movement. The land, which is a clay loam especially adapted for the culture of fruit and a variety of vegetables and agricultural crops, is sold at about half the price which similar land in the vicinity realises in the holdings of similar size. The purchasers pay down 10 per cent. and the balance in half-yearly instalments, with 5 per cent. interest, while the members of the association have bound themselves not to take more than 5 per cent. The purchasers are in the majority of cases fruit-growers, market-gardeners, and persons who intend to combine crop-growing and stock-rearing, especially poultry. As the property lies between the two main lines from London to the south coast towns, a number of first-class markets are within easy reach, but as all classes of farm and garden produce are scarce and exceptionally dear in the neighbouring towns, these alone will afford a means of sale direct to the consumer. Cottages are being built for the purchasers on somewhat similar terms to those offered for the land. Re-population of the country is the chief end in view, and at Newdigate, at least, a huge unpopulated tract of land will shortly be covered by nearly or quite forty homesteads where only two existed six months ago. It is proposed to purchase another estate shortly with a similar object, and if support is forthcoming there is no reason why the work should not continue to extend; for apart from its philanthropic side the whole system is based on business principles, the security is real, and so far as the work has proceeded the question of interest need hardly disturb the investing member. It is a curious fact that from the point of view of building the association is able to erect cottages at something like 25 per cent. less than the lowest tenders obtained from builders, and in a more satisfactory manner.

A Model Wax-Extractor.

That there is a right way and a wrong way of extracting honey from the comb is proved by the various qualities to be met with in purchasing the extracted article. About this time of the year I generally lay in a stock of honey for the winter, being a firm believer in its merits; and the superfine quality of one lot led me to inquire of the local apiarist as to her method of extraction. I was shown an extractor made by a Sussex firm, the name and address of whom I will be pleased to supply to any inquirer. It is a modification of Gerstin's, with improvements suggested by Cowan and others. To the bee-keeper with a large apiary a wax-extractor is indispensable. All the trouble and waste incidental to the various old processes of extracting wax are avoided. The combs are placed in the basket, and when heat is applied the wax comes off in a perfectly pure and clean state. In using it put the extractor on the fire in the same manner as an ordinary pot, having first filled the lower tank with water, and the perforated basket above tank with broken comb, or whatever material you wish to extract wax from. The steam passes through the perforated metal walls of basket, melting every particle of wax in the crude material; the wax runs out of the spout for the purpose, turned downwards; under this spot have a receptacle, in which keep about two inches of hot water, as also have the sides



A MODEL WAX-EXTRACTOR.

slightly oiled, to keep wax from adhering to the walls. Keep everything but the tube for wax closed, in order to lose no steam and give it full force. When not in use as an extractor it is excellent as a capping-can; the cappings drop into the basket, the honey drains off, leaving the remainder just where it is wanted to extract from.

All Rural Readers

should make it a point to order *The Penny Illustrated Paper* to be sent them by their newsagents regularly every Friday morning. Don't leave it to chance. Order it in advance to prevent disappointment.

N.B.—The "*P.I.P.* Farmer" will be pleased to reply to rural questions sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 198, Strand, W.C.

Death of an Old Mace-Bearer.—Mr. George Summers, an old servant of the Romsey Corporation,

THE LATE MR. GEORGE SUMMERS,
WHO FOR ABOUT HALF A CENTURY WAS MACE-BEARER IN THE BOROUGH OF ROMSEY

passed away on Sept. 19, after only a week's illness, in his ninetieth year. For about half a century he had been Mace-Bearer in the borough; sixty years ago he was one of the borough constables. He had been a pronounced abstainer for over sixty years, and for some years prior to his death he was president of the Total Abstinence Society. He was also a vegetarian for the last twenty-five years. He was held in the highest respect by the Corporation.

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Coat, Skirt and Blouse complete for **MODEL 2140 12/9**

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The Blouse is supplied in a Good-wearing Fancy Flannelette, and may be had in Black, Navy, Pink, Heliotrope, Turquoise, or Eau de Nil grounds with White scroll design.

Price only **12/9** complete—**the wonder of the Trade.** Carriage, 7d. extra. **Skirt** alone, **4/11**; carriage, 5d.

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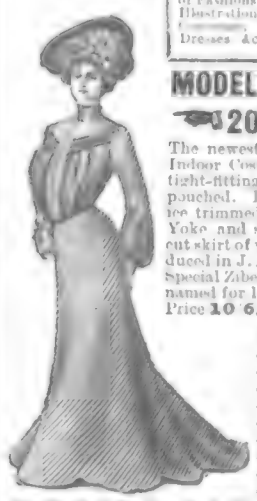
Model 2080.

8/6

Fashionable Three-quarter [illegible] Chesterfield [illegible] thoroughly well [illegible] **8/6** [illegible] and value there is nothing to beat it. Sizes larger than 38in. bust are **2/6** extra.

NOBLE'S NEW CATALOGUE of Fashions for the season contains Hundreds of Illustrations showing the most popular styles in Costumes, Mantles, Coats, Skirts, Children's Dresses &c., and will be sent post free to any lady reader.



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Smart Tailor Costume. Sac Coat, with shoulder cape, bell sleeves. Plain walking Skirt. Made in Special Zibeline and J. N. Cheviot Serge, in all newest colours (same as for Dress Lengths). Price **10/6** complete. Carriage, 6d. extra. Also in Good Wool Serge (Black and Navy), lined through. Price **21/-**. Carriage, 6d. extra. PATTERNS POST FREE.

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"THE MOST PERFECT FORM OF COCOA."
—*Guy's Hospital Gazette.*

A BITTER REMORSE.

BY CHARLES E. PEARCE,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "IN THE COILS OF KLONDIKE," "BY STEALTHY FOOTSTEPS," "BESIEGED IN LUCKNOW," "JOHN DALE, CONVICT," &c.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS: The night train from London to Southampton carries Mr. Moutrie, a wealthy Anglo-Indian and his wife, Alicia Moutrie. There is a singular contrast between the pair, Mr. Moutrie being old and deformed, and his wife young and of striking beauty. They are obviously not on good terms, and it is, in fact, arranged that they shall part at Southampton, Mr. Moutrie returning to India. Alicia, at the last moment, refuses to travel with her husband, and she is shown, as the train starts, into a compartment containing Eric Graydon, a young man of means, who is on his way to join a yachting party. When the train arrives at Winchester it is found that Mr. Moutrie has been murdered, and the body robbed. Mrs. Moutrie remains at Winchester for the inquest. Eric Graydon is also requested to remain as a witness, and he shows the young widow some courtesies, for which in her grave way she seems grateful. The perpetrator of the murder cannot be traced, the inquest results in an open verdict, and Mrs. Moutrie returns to London. Eric Graydon bids her good-bye at the station, and on his asking if he may call she consents. The next moment she sees among those on the platform a face too well known to her, and sinks back in terror. Graydon, hearing that an evil-looking stranger has been making inquiries at Winchester about himself and Mrs. Moutrie, hurries up to London to put the latter on her guard, but cannot find her at the address given. At length he learns from her lawyers that she is at Merton Cottage, Uxbridge; also that she has refused to touch the fortune which would come to her from her late husband. Graydon hurries down to Uxbridge, and is followed by two men who attack him, rifle his pockets, and leave him for dead.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TAPPING AT THE WINDOW.

THE two men bent over the body of the prostrate man like ghouls. They must have been skilled in the art of robbery, for their fingers deftly turned the pockets of the unconscious Eric inside out. Everything of which he was possessed was taken.

Then the fellows hastened back to Uxbridge, caught the last train to Paddington, and plunged into the maze of the streets of London.

A mounted police patrol plodding his rounds came upon the body a little before midnight. Assistance was procured, and a doctor was fetched, who pronounced the man severely wounded, but not dead. Eric Graydon was taken to the infirmary, where he lay unconscious. Scalp wound and concussion of the brain, so the surgeon said.

The investigations of the police led to nothing beyond the fact that the injured man had come down from London that evening and had put up at the George and Dragon. He had not given his name, so there was no means of ascertaining his identity—especially as everything in his pockets had disappeared.

It was a clear case of robbery, so the officials decided.

Meanwhile, Alicia Moutrie waited impatiently either for a letter from Eric Graydon or for his coming. She did not know, of course, which he would do, but hoped he would pay her a visit.

The days went over, but there was no sign from Eric. First she was disappointed, next angry.

Then she reproached herself for thinking so much of the matter and taking it so to heart. There were a hundred causes which might prevent him writing. Besides, where was the hurry? Indeed, was there any reason why he should write to her?

So she tried to argue, but in her secret heart she knew better. She was perfectly conscious that Eric Graydon had fallen in love with her. She was no novice in noting the signs. Then she became angry again, for his silence seemed almost a slight.

Living as she did somewhat isolated, she was not in a position to hear the gossip of the town; but it was impossible for the news not to reach her that a gentleman had been robbed and half murdered in the lane not far from the cottage. She heard the intelligence first from her maid, who came in terribly alarmed by the news.

"I don't think I can stop any longer with you, Ma'am. I shall be quite afraid to go to bed. The fellows may be hanging about still."

"Nonsense, you silly girl! Whoever they are, they're miles away by this time."

"But the place is so lonely. There's no other house near," pleaded the maid. "Still," she added hesitatingly, "I don't like to leave you all alone, Ma'am."

"Oh, I'm not in the least afraid!" was the answer.

Alicia spoke firmly; but, to tell the truth, she was strangely unnerved by the untoward event. It brought back all the horror of that terrible time at Winchester.

She persuaded the servant to stay, at all events, for two or three nights, until she could get someone to replace her, and the girl consented. Indeed, she stayed a week, but every night as evening approached all her fears came back. She was a simple-minded, nervous kind of creature, totally unlike some of the Uxbridge natives—strapping wenches many of them, and with a man's strength.

"I'm very sorry, Ma'am, but I must go—I really must. I—I——"

Then she began to cry.

There was no help for it. She would have to go—in fact, Alicia would rather be by herself than have this hysterical creature infecting her with her own fears.

"Very well, Sarah, if you've made up your mind, I've no wish to keep you. Perhaps you could send someone to stay with me who has a little more courage than you have. Do you know of anybody?"

Sarah thought she knew of a woman who could come for a day or so, and promised to find out, and, if possible, send her that very night. Then, evidently very much relieved, she took herself off and a few of her belongings, arranging to come back the next day for her box.

Alicia was alone. It was dusk, and the shadows were rapidly deepening. The house seemed strangely lonely, and the solitude and silence got on her nerves. She went out into the garden and stood for some time at the little wicket-gate leading into the lane.

She wished that someone would pass. She felt that even the sight of a fellow-creature would give her courage. One or two farm-labourers tramped by, and one of them, in country fashion, said good-night. She returned his greeting. To her thinking even her voice sounded unlike her own. It had a suggestion of fear in its vibrations.

She hoped Sarah would find the woman she spoke of, and she lingered in the garden awaiting her, but no one came.

Then she wandered away from the gate down to the river, but turned from it with a shudder. The leaping of the fish, the whirr of the rushes as the breeze rustled them, the sighing of the wind in the willows were to her excited senses ghostly sounds.

"I suppose I must go into the house," she said to herself. "I do hope that woman will come."

It was not very late—between eight and nine o'clock—and there was yet a chance Sarah's promise would be realised.

She passed through the pretty trellised porch, closed the door, and bolted it; then she went into the pleasant sitting-room with its French windows opening into the garden, pulled down the blind, and lit the lamp.

The cheerful light took away her vague, gloomy fears for a brief space, and she sat down at the piano, but she was not in the vein for music. Still, it was better than nothing, and her hands floated idly over the keys without any conscious direction from her mind. Suddenly she stopped.

Her fingers had somehow wandered into an old piece that she had not played for years—an old school fantasia which she could remember having played at a prize-giving celebration with great applause from an admiring and perhaps partial audience.

She sprang to her feet, pale as death and clasping her hands.

"That I should have revived that hateful piece to-night!" she cried wildly.

Well did she remember the last occasion when she had played the fantasia. It was linked in her memory with a pair of dark, penetrating, masterful eyes, a bold, handsome profile, an erect, military carriage.

She was introduced that day to a man who had captivated her girlish fancy. He had been brought by the relatives of a fellow-pupil, and his compliments, uttered in low, earnest tones, and with a fascinating smile, had caused her girlish heart to flutter with a strange thrill—a thrill which almost frightened her, for she had never felt anything like it before. She was then scarcely seventeen, and this man appeared to realise all the fanciful, wayward dreams of girlhood.

And then? That fateful meeting had ended in a romance—a romance from which all the poetry soon fled, leaving behind stern, sordid reality. The act of folly she had perpetrated was succeeded by bitter repentance—a repentance which came too late.

How the melody, its trite variations all carved out in the style which has now passed away, brought back the miserable story of her girlish impetuosity, romance, and trust!

What was that?

She looked round shrinkingly. Surely there was a tapping—a scratching at the window-pane! Why hadn't she closed the shutters?

She listened with beating heart, but heard no repetition of the sound. It must have been fancy, or maybe the flapping of a stray branch of the creeper against the window.

Then another suggestion formulated itself. Possibly it was the woman she expected. Maybe the knock at the door had passed unheeded, absorbed as she was by her thoughts, and the piano had prevented her hearing its sound.

She was about to cross the room to enter the hall when the tapping came again. This time there was no mistake. It was a sharp, authoritative noise—a summons which carried insistence with it.

Open the window she could not, dared not. She went into the hall and drew the bolts of the door, pushing the latter back cautiously. There was no one outside. Still thinking and hoping it might be the woman, she called out she knew not what.

The next moment she was confronted by a man, who appeared before her so suddenly he seemed to have sprung out of the darkness.

She shrank back with a low cry of terror.

"I haven't frightened you, Mrs. Moutrie, have I?" a low, grating voice said.

She was too terrified to fix her eyes steadily on the man, and the voice increased her fright, for she knew those grating tones.

"I suppose I may come in?"

This time the voice was cynical, a note in it of determination. She could make no reply. With her hands pressed on her bosom she leant against the wall, utterly deprived of strength.

"Silence gives consent," said he coolly; and without another word he went in and closed the door.

She watched his proceedings in a kind of speechless terror. "Perhaps you don't remember me, Mrs. Moutrie," he went on in the same cynical voice. "But the light is not over good here. May I?"

He insinuated his arm within hers. She shivered as though with horror. She was helpless, absolutely devoid of energy and power of resistance. He led her into the room. She could scarcely drag one trembling limb after the other.

The light revealed a lean, dark, tigerish face, eyes hard, cold, and keen, lit with fierce exultation. Alicia Moutrie's gaze was fixed upon him. Fascination, curiosity, were mingled with her unmistakable terror.

Seven years had passed since she had last spoken with this man. She remembered it as though it were yesterday; it sounded the first note of tragedy in her existence. Two years afterwards she believed he was dead, that she was freed from fetters she had thrust upon herself with the heedless folly of a girl anxious to escape from the trammels and monotony which had become unendurable.

It was he whose sudden appearance at the railway-station when she was bidding adieu to Eric Graydon had sent her into a paroxysm of fright. His apparition had upon her all the effect of a spectral visitation.

His voice broke the silence. How strangely it sounded! It did not seem to belong to the present, but to the past. It carried her back to the time of her girlhood.

"You are alone," he was saying. "I saw your servant go out, and I happen to know she is not coming back. It will be pleasant to talk of old times, won't it?"

He laughed harshly, and attempted to put his arm round her waist. She recoiled, and for the first time found voice.

"Don't touch me—don't touch me!" she cried, in quivering accents.

He laughed unpleasantly. "I don't understand your sudden aversion to me, dear Alicia. We have never had a quarrel—we were not married long enough."

A low cry escaped her white lips. That early tragedy of hers was almost in the nature of a dream. So much had happened since; she herself had so changed in thoughts, ideas, feelings, taste. So long had she believed herself a free woman that to realise she was the wife of this man was torture.

"You're not pleased to see me, that's evident," he went on, twisting his moustache. "I admit the episode which parted us was very unfortunate, yet I thought I knew you sufficiently to believe it would not make any difference in your attachment to me. The pattern wife sticks to her husband whenever misfortune may overtake him."

"It isn't *that*—it isn't *that!*" she gasped.

"What is it, then?" said he brusquely.

She could make no reply, only cover her eyes as if to shut out the sight of him.

He, too, was silent. The thin lips tightened, the tigerish glint in his eyes became more pronounced. He gazed at her intently, trying to read her thoughts.

"Suppose we keep to the main fact," said he at length. "You are my wife."

"A wife only in name," broke impulsively through her lips.

"You can put it that way if you like, but it won't alter the fact. There's some sort of antiquated belief that the separation of husband and wife for seven years frees her from matrimonial obligations. It is a popular error, even when the case is one of desertion. But I have never deserted you. I was torn from you by the minions of the law, to use a delightful melodramatic phrase, just after the nuptial knot was tied. "Nuptial knot" is good, don't you think so?"

"What do you want?" said she with an effort.

"Nothing but you, Alicia. You're enough to content any ordinary man, surely! Yes, I want my own."

She winced as though seized with a sharp pain.

"I heard you were dead," she said in a low voice.

"That was a rumour," said he coolly. "I managed that business rather neatly. Shall I tell you? By the way, have you anything in the house in the shape of a drink? Talking's beastly dry work."

She pointed towards an old-fashioned sideboard on which was a decanter of sherry. He glanced at her as though expecting she would fetch it, but she never moved. He filled a couple of glasses and gulped down the contents.

Then he paced two or three times up and down the room, and stopped in front of her. She was leaning against the mantelpiece, her arms resting upon it, and with her back turned towards him. He began abruptly—

"When my time was ended at Dartmoor I determined to start on a new line. The old game was up. I resolved to put an end to my old personality, and luck threw the chance in my way. I was at my wit's end how to earn money, and for the time being did a little scribbling—penny-a-lining chiefly. My luck sent me on board a pleasure-steamer that was cut in two in the Thames. I was among the first who were rescued, and I sent off a report to the papers giving as many names of the drowned as I could pick up, including my own, adding a few particulars so that there should be no mistake. I guess you, like everybody, were taken in."

If he expected any response he was disappointed, for she stood like a statue. He went on sneeringly—

"I had an idea, Alicia, you would not be particularly anxious to see me again, and it was as much for your sake as my own that I dropped my old name and took on a new one. 'The poor little girl found a bad egg when she married me,' I thought; 'let her have her freedom.' Perhaps you don't believe me?"

"If you are speaking the truth," said she

Photo. G. Garet-Charles.

A STUDY OF MISS NINA SEVENING, OF DALY'S THEATRE.

A COMPLETE STORY BY PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

slowly, "why did you not leave me in my freedom? Why did you seek me out? Why have you come here now?"

"Why shouldn't I, my dear? So long as you belonged to another man, or thought you did, I was not inclined to trouble you. But now the position is altogether different. I've come to claim my own."

She suddenly turned round and faced him. She had a look in her eyes which he could not meet. He knew she did not believe him.

"That is not your object in troubling me," said Alicia, with emphasis. "At all events, if it be, let me say you have no claim to the right you assume. I don't want to see you, I would rather not know you. Nothing can ever make me think I am your wife. Heaven knows I have bitterly repented the day when I was guilty of that act of folly in consenting to marry you. Perhaps the best thing to happen was when you were arrested as we were coming out of the church. If only it had been when we were entering! Still," she added bitterly, "I was released—in a way. I should only have led a life of misery with you."

"Thank you for the compliment. May I ask how you know that?"

"I refer you to the newspapers containing an account of your trial. Your record was published in full, and there were comments on 'the accomplished rascal and swindler, Flash Fred,' as you were called.

"All lies," he broke out fiercely.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Lies or not, there was sufficient truth to convince me the man who calls himself my husband was a liar and a thief. But we've said enough. Understand that no power on earth will ever make me acknowledge you as my husband."

"Hang it all, Alicia, you can't accuse me of any wrong-doing towards you!"

"No wrong-doing in entrapping me into a marriage? Why, that *was* the wrong-doing. Was it not shown at the trial that you were utterly penniless, that you lived on your wits—in other words, that you lived by swindling? Did you tell me anything of that when you persuaded me to run away from a life that was irksome—a life that I fled from just because I had not sufficient patience to endure it? No, you passed yourself off to me as a man of property, a man of good family, a man who had no care or thought in the world save for me. Was it extraordinary I should have listened to you? Ah, I hate myself now when I think of it!"

She trembled violently. Yet surely there was something else about this man which frightened her more than the recollection of that fatal act of hers, and the consciousness that by law he could claim her as his wife?

"Don't let us quarrel," said he, in a tone of penitence. "Supposing I admit, for the sake of argument, that all you have said is true, still I have one redeeming point. I loved you then, Alicia, I swear I did—I love you now."

His words only increased her terror.

"Go—go!" she cried, pointing to the door. "It is torture for me to listen to you."

"Torture?" he repeated. "Why on earth should it be torture? Say I'm a rogue, a swindler, a thief, how can that affect the question of love? You must have loved me in the old days, or you would not have married me. Unless, indeed, you saw your way to a rich husband. Perhaps that was the inducement. You seem to have feathered your nest pretty comfortably since."

"Oh, it is intolerable!" she cried, throwing up her arms. "What am I to do—what am I to do?"

She pressed her hands on her temples to still the throbbing of her nerves. He watched her the while with a singular expression on his face.

"What are you to do?" he repeated. "Suppose you consult me. The position, I admit, is a curious one. I needn't point out to you, Mrs. Moutrie, that you cannot call yourself the widow of that lately deceased millionaire. Perhaps in repudiating my claim you have some idea that your previous marriage would prevent you benefiting under your husband's will. Maybe he hasn't made a will."

"You are quite right," she burst out, "he has not."

The reply evidently was unexpected. The man's face for an instant looked like that of a baffled demon. He bit his lower lip, and his nostrils quivered.

"Not made a will?" he hissed.

"No. For that reason—and—and for others—I've refused to take advantage of my position."

"What made you do that?" he inquired harshly. "You thought I was dead. You married again. You didn't know I had come to life until I called upon you this evening, and you believed you were legally married to Moutrie. What made you do such a fool's trick as to refuse the money that to all intents and purposes was yours?"

For a moment her strength seemed to leave her, and she sank into a chair and covered her eyes with her hands. There was a dead silence.

"Something seemed to tell me you were not dead," at last she breathed hoarsely.

Again he bit his lips, and again he paced up and down the room, scowling, and now and then casting furtive looks at the unhappy woman, whose convulsive fingers showed how she was tortured.

All at once he stopped in front of her, and clutched her wrists. She flung her head back and tried to release herself from his grasp, but he was too strong.

"Something seemed to tell you I was not dead—what was it?"

There was an insistence, a sinister suggestiveness, in his voice which seemed to paralyse her utterance.

"What was it? I repeat."

The sinister suggestiveness had passed into fury. The man's tigerish nature was now uppermost, and he quivered with rage.

If his intention was to frighten, to cow her, he succeeded. She could only murmur incoherently that she could not explain. It was her fancy. It was one of those impressions which come suddenly into one's brain without any reason and without any possibility of explanation. She could say no more than that.

He drew a long breath and released her hands. They fell limply on to her lap.

"Let me know clearly the extent of your consummate folly. Do I understand that you have declined the fortune left by David Moutrie, a fortune which is yours by law—that is, if I don't intervene?"

"Yes," she could only breathe.

"Well, but just think. That money, whether you like it or not, belongs to you by the right of your widowhood. You misjudge me if you think I want to make myself in any way disagreeable. Not at all. By accident I saw what had happened to your husband—as all the world knows—and I made it my business to go to Winchester and find out whether the Mrs. Moutrie who was my wife was the Mrs. Moutrie whose name of late has been so much before the public. I had only just arrived from South Africa."

"Are you telling me the truth?" she cried, springing to her feet, her large eyes fixed upon his face, looking him through and through.

"Telling you the truth? Of course I am."

But his effort to sustain her searching gaze was a poor one. By intuition she seemed to know when the real man was speaking.

She turned away, and he watched her as she walked to the end of the room, her head bent and her hands clasped.

"I don't think I'll trouble you any longer, Alicia," said he suddenly. "I did have a notion I should like to stay here. You have a very pretty rustic cottage, picturesque, Arcadian, and all that sort of thing, but I've altered my mind. But don't think you have got rid of me. I like you far too well to take serious notice of your objections to me as a husband. Good-bye for the present."

She took not the slightest notice. She remained with her back towards him as though she had not heard and as though he had not spoken.

He stopped to light a cigar, and then leisurely strolled out of the room, and she heard him shut the front door with a crash.

The man walked down the lane, his cigar glowing like a signal in the fresh breeze. Now and again muttered oaths burst from his lips. He was no longer checked by the presence of Alicia Moutrie, and he certainly imposed no restraint upon himself.

"That's her line, is it?" he muttered. "Who would have thought she would have chucked away a fortune fit for a princess? Well, I must think over things. Chance and luck have been with me hitherto. It will go hard if they don't stick to me to the bitter end. I and Rookson must lay our heads together. Not the first time we've done that."

A grim smile stole over his dark face, and he sent a cloud of smoke through his nostrils as though determined to get every atom of flavour out of the tobacco.

The shrill shriek of a railway-engine in the distance reminded him he had no time to lose, and he quickened his pace.

He arrived at the station breathless, and hurried on to the platform. He had quite two minutes to spare, and he flung himself on a seat. One of the railway officials was talking to a bearded man, bulky and muscular. The latter's impassive face, cold, expressionless eyes, bowler hat, rough great-coat, and umbrella were characteristics the man who called himself Douglas instantly recognised. He half started from his seat as if to move further on; then, altering his mind, he resumed his original position, pulling the peak of his football-cap over his brows.

The two men were standing not six feet away, and he could easily hear their talk.

"Then you can't tell me any more about the fellows who took the train to Paddington on the night of the affair?" said he in the bowler hat.

"Well, you see, they rushed up in a hurry—the train was already in the station—and I didn't take particular notice. For all that I could, I believe, swear to the shorter and stouter of the two. Had a fat, pasty face, and was clean-shaven. Looked a cross between a comic-singer and a parson. Could have made up well for either."

The listener bent forward, almost holding his breath. Not a syllable of the conversation would he lose.

"Humph!" rejoined the man in the bowler thoughtfully. "That may help me a bit. There's no doubt the fellows came from London."

"How do you know that?"

"Simply because there was the touch of the London thief. The professional goes about his work methodically. He's not satisfied with diving his hands into the pockets and grabbing; he turns the pockets inside out. That's what happened in this case. Every pocket, even the pockets in the waistcoat, were hanging down loose. That told me something."

The official turned away and ran along the platform, lamp in hand. The train was entering the station. Douglas waited till the man in the bowler had got into a carriage, and then went to the other end of the train.

"Another piece of luck," he muttered, drawing

Photo. G. Garet-Charles.

MISS MAY SNOWDON, OF DALY'S THEATRE: A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY.

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FWS

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a long breath as he threw himself back in the carriage. "Another piece of luck. Rookson will have to lie low. So much the better. I mistrust the scoundrel. He'd sell his soul to anyone who might think it worth buying—which isn't likely—and he'd sell me if it would save his skin. Fortunately he doesn't know all. If he did——"

The man's lips tightened, the old eager, tigerish look crept over his face. The hand holding the stick suddenly contracted till the knuckles stood out sharp and white. For a minute or two he sat thus, rigid and impassive.

There were no other passengers in the compartment, and after a while he relapsed into his careless aspect, stretched his long limbs on the seat, and went to sleep.

At Paddington he was all vigilance. His first thought was the man in the bowler hat. He slunk among the crowd until he reached the man he sought. The latter got into a hansom, and the words "Scotland Yard" were distinctly audible.

Douglas, with a dark smile hovering over his mouth, hastened into Praed Street Station and booked to King's Cross.

(To be continued.)

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

A NEW style of actor-manager is expected in London. M. Albin Valabrègue, a Parisian author, is getting up a subscription to start a theatre in London for the performance of his own plays; M. Valabrègue has ten of these all ready to be put on the stage. The author proposes to translate them himself, so we may expect some amusing "English as she is spoke." Nothing is yet said respecting the critics, and I imagine that Mr. Walkley will have free entry to the Anglo-French temple of the drama when it opens. But as M. Valabrègue wants eight thousand pounds to make a start, I fancy there is no hurry.

"Vineland," the brilliant new ballet at the Empire, is certainly one of the most splendid ever produced at that establishment. It opens in the wine-cellar of Alderman Brand, whose pretty daughter is keeping festival. Simon, the chief cellarman, is a rejected suitor, and he seeks to drown his sorrow in the bowl. The Spirit of Alcohol torments him, and he calls on Bacchus to protect him. Thus the first tableaux ends with something in the shape of a story. The succeeding tableaux represent the Rhine, Oporto, and the Champagne districts of France, with dances appropriate to the wines and the countries. Mdlle. Genée impersonates the Spirit of Champagne with all the grace and refinement of a famous *danseuse*. The dresses are exquisite, and Madame Katti Lanner's arrangement of the dances and M. Wenzel's music are first-rate. Mr. Santley's famous song, "Simon the Cellarer," is introduced. The new ballet was enthusiastically received.

Signora Duse's first appearance at the Adelphi will take place on Oct. 5 in d'Annunzio's play, "La Citta Morta," performed, by the way, for the first time in England. She will also appear in "Francesca da Rimini," by the same dramatist, for the first time in this country.

The London County Council are beginning to see that they have gone far enough in the direction of harassing managers. They have made an unusual concession to Mr. Purcell at the splendid new Marlborough Theatre at Holloway. The L.C.C. intends to authorise "standing-room" for seven hundred visitors. "Authorise!" please to note. Is not this an astonishing instance of L.C.C. concession?

The Marlborough Theatre includes the old Parkhurst Theatre, and will be opened by the Carl Rosa Company with favourite operas. The first dramatic venture will be that of Miss Olga Nethersole in "Sapho." This gifted lady will also be seen in "Magda," a character she played a few nights ago in Edinburgh for the first time. The booking at the Marlborough was remarkable. Every reserved seat was disposed of in little more than an hour.

The New Gaiety, Mr. Edwardes informs me, will open about Oct. 10, with the whimsical piece, "The Orchid Hunt," produced in splendid style. Mr. Edwardes, with his customary foresight, has secured a long lease of the New Gaiety on practically the old Gaiety terms. He has escaped nearly one hundred alterations suggested by the L.C.C. in consequence.

Playgoers will probably not forget that Sir Henry Irving's last appearance in London before starting for America will be at Mr. Billington's farewell matinée at the Haymarket. The kindness of the famous actor may be estimated from the fact that he will come expressly to London to play "Waterloo," although, as I happen to know, he will be greatly pressed for time on the eve of an important voyage.

Mr. Frohman is arranging a provincial tour for "Billy's Little Love Affair." It will start in February.

Mr. Tree's fine performance of "Richard II." has led to a demand for matinées, which will begin shortly.

Messrs. Frank Rendle and Neil Forsyth will commence their Fancy-Dress Balls at Covent Garden on Oct. 9. The theatre will be completely transformed, and will represent views of Venice. In one respect only will the scene fall short of Byron's descriptions — I have heard nothing of gondolas. Byron asks in his "Beppo"—

> Didst ever see a gondola? For fear
> You should not, I'll describe it exactly:
> 'Tis a long, covered boat, that's common here,
> Carved at the prow, built lightly but compactly;
> Rowed by two rowers, each called "gondolier,"
> It glides along the water, looking blackly,
> Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
> Where none can make out what you say or do.

To turn the exits into imitation canals might arouse objections from the London County Council and also be inconvenient to visitors, otherwise I must applaud the pretty idea; and Mr. Dan Godfrey junior will, I have no doubt, recall his celebrated father in the musical department.

The London Coliseum in St. Martin's Lane is progressing vigorously, but I do not expect it can be completed for some months. It will be a gigantic affair, costing £100,000, and will start with four performances daily. You will be able not only to go to the play, but to enjoy all "the comforts of home" at the Coliseum, as the accommodation is of the most varied kind and for all classes. In fact, I am not acquainted with anything like it in the way of theatrical enterprise.

For Christmas at the Garrick Mr. Arthur Bourchier will put on "The Water-Babies" and "The Cricket on the Hearth." He will play Caleb Plummer himself, and, I have no doubt, extremely well. It was once a popular part with Mr. Toole.

Many rumours have been circulated respecting the Savoy Theatre. They are all false, for I have the authority of that gifted and esteemed lady, Mrs. d'Oyly Carte herself, for declaring that she has made no definite arrangements as yet respecting the theatre or the company. Some of the paragraphs, if carried out, would cause her serious losses. She is far too skilful in business matters to be so easily cajoled. I remember her conducting the whole of her husband's business for years, and I never knew her make a mistake; she could puzzle the acutest lawyer or snub the most impertinent soprano with equal dexterity and perfect calmness of demeanour. She is a woman of a thousand, or I might say ten thousand.

The Lyceum Theatre is proving a "white elephant" to the shareholders, the report for the last year showing a loss of over six thousand pounds. The shareholders have great liabilities, as there are four per cent. Debentures for £120,000. The directors advise reconstruction and the issue of shares credited with 15s. paid, in order to erect a theatre of varieties, with all the requirements of the London County Council satisfied. The shareholders have, I think, good cause for grumbling, having only a dividend of fifteenpence for a year. "So fades, so languishes, grows dim and dies, all that this world is proud of," as the poet says, and the famous theatre will become a "variety show." "No matter about that," said one of the shareholders, "so long as we are paid a decent dividend." But Sir Henry Irving will feel the change, I think.

The sudden death of Mr. William Wyes last Tuesday at Brighton has caused deep regret throughout theatrical circles. The late brilliant comedian had reached Brighton from Clacton, where he had appeared in good health; but shortly after reaching Brighton he was seized with apoplexy, which unfortunately proved fatal. Mr. Wyes was celebrated for his extremely amusing comic characters. He first came to the front when "The Pickpocket" was produced at the Globe by Mr. Charles Hawtrey. Latterly he had played at the Vaudeville, Criterion, and other theatres, always with great success. We have to regret the loss of a genuinely comic actor, with a style of his own.

THE PROMPTER.

THE RACING WORLD.

WE found in the Jockey Club Stakes a far stronger attraction than is often offered at Newmarket First October Meeting, Sceptre and Rock Sand being due to meet and fight o'er again their Eclipse Stakes battle, making the occasion an event to be seen, if possible, and sure to be memorable for long years. Interest in it was so strong that, almost as soon as the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester was over, it began to be forgotten, save for its bearings on the Newmarket back-end big handicaps.

In my opinion these were fairly weighty, for unless Kano is too much of a handful for a little jockey, we must have seen the winner of the Cesarewitch, or at least one that is certain to go very close towards winning that race. The more I look at Kano's chance the better I like it. At Windsor, the Ogbourne candidate was not fancied, being supposed to be only half recovered from recent illness. Kano won very easily. I had a talk with some of the jockeys who rode there. One of the best judges among them was very emphatic in pronouncing Kano a rare stayer. Another urged that the twisty gallop on the Rays prevented horses being stretched as they are on straight going, as, for instance, in the Cesarewitch. Again, there was the difference of distance. To this number one answered that the farther the distance and the stronger the pace, so much the more would Kano have found matters suitable.

Naturally after the Windsor performance one looked out at Manchester, and there victory was only missed by a short head. Young Jarvis's was a capital exhibition on the winner, Wet Paint, who has had a chequered career enough. A well-bred young 'un, thought a great deal of at Egerton House, Eitreb—that was its name, I believe, backslang for Bertie—turned out a great failure, and later was given by the King to Lord Marcus Beresford. He was hacked about in Cheshire, and then sent to Escott, at Lewes. That trainer thought a great deal of the new horse, and expected him to win the maiden race which fell to Mr. Barclay. Afterwards the colt, or half of him, was given by Lord Marcus to Mrs. Featherstonehaugh. He could have been bought for £25 at one time—on Saturday won a £2000 handicap.

He and Kano ran right away from the rest of the field. I allow a good deal for the going being soft and perhaps favouring horses in certain berths, but, as with the previous handicap, when Zinfandel and Cliftonhall left all the others far behind, the form should come out well for the two leaders. Unless something happens to prevent Kano being Major Edwards's first string, I shall have him for one of my little lot against the field. Zinfandel is bound to suffer somewhat, because of Imperious's defeat on Saturday, but I do not take too much notice of any running except the first and second's. Kilglass may be Major Beatty's best, but I am a little hopeful that we shall find Imperious return to favour again.

As I said earlier, De Witt has been the best-backed Cesarewitch candidate during the last few days. His running in the Newmarket St. Leger went against the grain with his backers for the handicap, but those who were on might take it as making little difference. If De Witt lost, his chance for the Cesarewitch was always hopeless. In case of the win, the penalty would make the weight about what Hardy can do, and the stable would be troubled to find a lighter able to do the horse justice, even if with a 5 lb. allowance.

To write of the Sceptre-Rock Sand meeting beforehand leaves me to go over ground fairly overworked already. Speaking for myself, I could not desert Sceptre, no matter whether the weight was a little bit against her or not. It seems to me that she has already done the things Rock Sand must accomplish before he can step into quite her class. Allowing for the improvement he ought to make, and for his not being quite himself, perhaps, on the Eclipse Stakes day, the handicap—*i.e.*, arrangement of weights—did favour the colt, but he had to show the improvement claimed for him, and to come on as a three-year-old at this season.

All the Racing World heard with regret of the Duke of Richmond's death. A fine old English nobleman was he, a good sportsman, and a considerate landlord.—BENDIGO.

HORSES FOR CHARITY.

THE POOR CHILDREN of large cities have reason to remember Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, who initiated the charitable organisation known as the "Fresh Air Fund," which sends little ones by the tens of thousands for a brief country holiday every year. The latest scheme to assist the Fund is that organised by "Spedex," of the *Daily Express*, who has had given to him a number of valuable thoroughbred horses, which are to be sold to-morrow (Saturday) at Hurst Park in the intervals of racing, and the proceeds given to the Fund.

Those who have contributed bloodstock—there are twelve to be sold—are Lord Carnarvon, Lord Howard de Walden, Sir Thomas Dewar, Messrs. J. B. and S. B. Joel, Ralph Bankes, W. Taylor Sharpe, and Richard Marsh. The lots, apart from their racing possibilities, are, many of them, suitable for high-class ladies' park hacks, and their grand breeding should make them valuable as brood-mares eventually.

Other contributions made by sportsmen should swell the sum realised by the horses to about £1000—truly a noble sum for sportsmen to contribute. It is to be hoped that the enterprise of the promoter will meet with the recognition of charitable people which it undoubtedly deserves.

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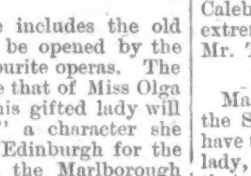

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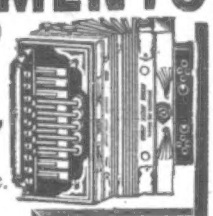

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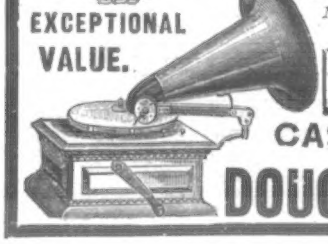

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